



MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING]

[MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1885.

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Merry England.—Contents for January.

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<p style="text-align: center;">SUNSHADES.</p> <p style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">SANGSTERS' UMBRELLAS</p> <p>140, REGENT ST 10, ROYAL EXCHANGE 94, FLEET ST WHOLESALE DEPOT - 75, CHEAPSIDE - ESTABLISHED, 1777. PARASOLS.</p> <p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">CANES & WHIPS.</p> <p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">- EN. TOUT CAS.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">PAINTED BY W. W. OULESS, R.A</p> <p style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; transform: rotate(-30deg);">CARDINAL NEWMAN</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Etched by PAUL RAJON.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">For particulars apply to F. S. NICHOLS & Co., 14, Borough High Street, London S.E.</p>
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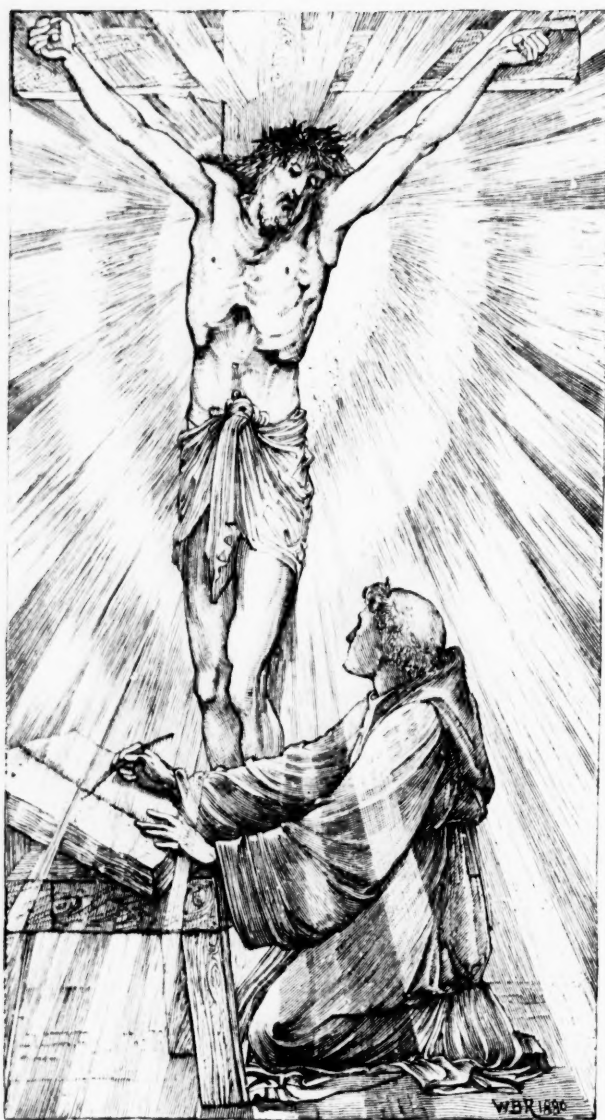
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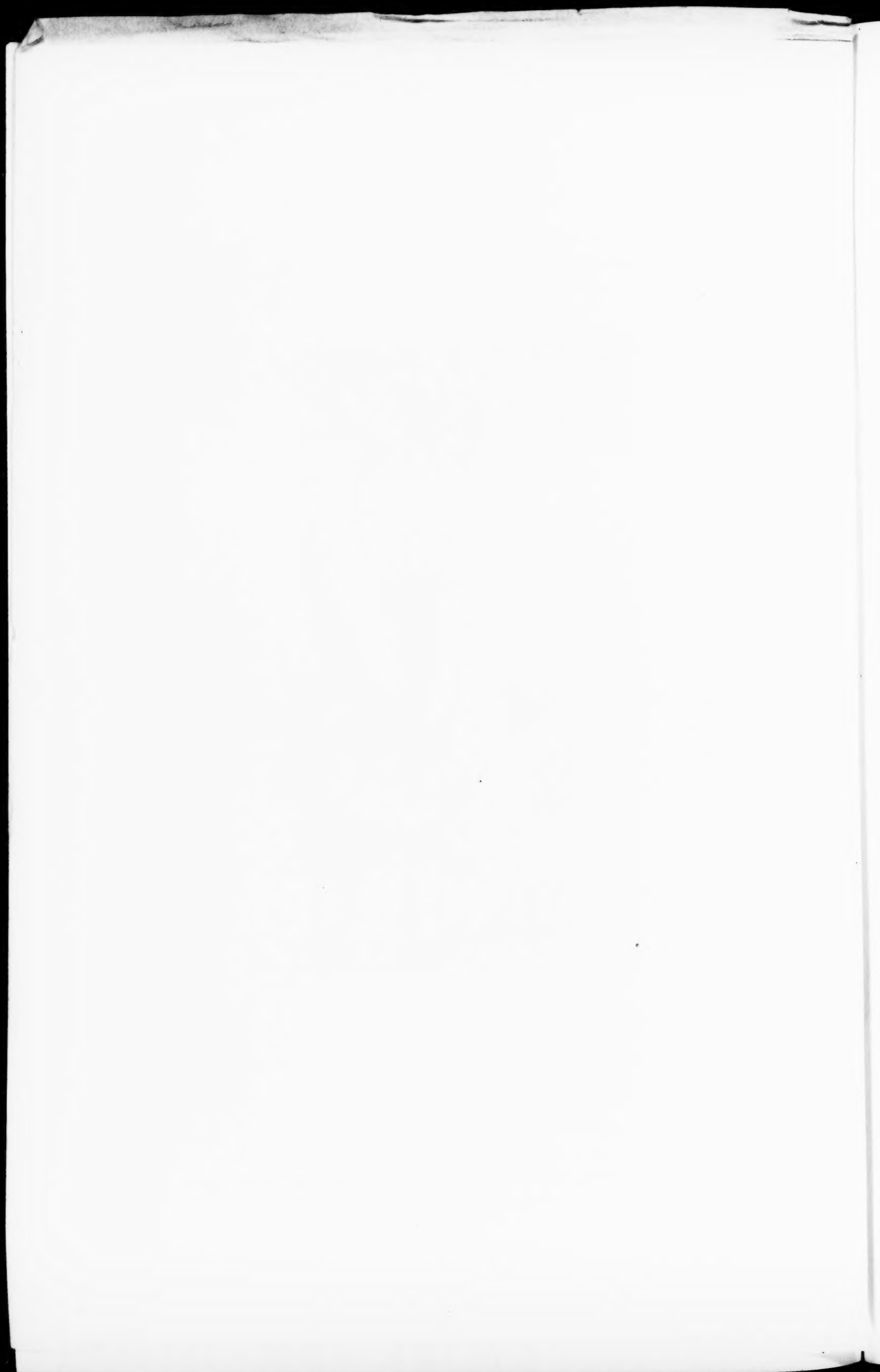
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MR. W. B. RICHMOND'S *Design for a Frontispiece for the Parchment Edition
of "The Imitation of Christ."*

RY L. AND



MERRY ENGLAND

JANUARY, 1885.

“The Voice of a Brother.”

AMA NESCI RI. The words with which Thomas à Kempis begins his spiritual alphabet, and which were the rule of his life and the inspiration of his teaching, seem at first sight to be contradicted by the biographical curiosity of the times succeeding his own ; by the unearthing of his peaceful bones ; by the search for the house of his birth ; by the keeping of his centenaries ; by the controversy as to the authorship of his greatest work ; by the fame with which the short and sad generations of men have celebrated his lowly name. But the work of the author of the “Imitation” is nevertheless a secret work ; it is done in those sealed and fenced and inviolate gardens, those solitudes, the consciences of men. Fame, and disputes, and discussions, and the hunting up of authorities, and the collection of evidence are such little things in comparison with these private counsels, that the chief love of the heart of à Kempis remains inviolate too. And the very quality of his writings keeps him unknown in a more subtle sense. As there are some instruments that give almost pure music, in which the sound of wood or brass or string is scarcely perceptible, and as there are some poets whose note is unmingled poetry—Shelley

and Rossetti, for instance, being rather the Muse herself than poets—so the words of the “Imitation” are unmixed spirituality; there is scarcely any noise of the human voice in them; and he who has given them to speak in silence to many a soul hardly appears. When a Christian prays in the sentences of à Kempis, there is nothing between the praying soul and its Creator. And the holy creature who found the words retires, according to his rule, *Ama nesciri*. His own words, “Consider what is said, and not who says it,” seem to be enforced by the work of his own pen.

It is long since the bones of Thomas à Kempis were moved, and his history conned, and since the poor praises of the world were offered to him in the way of amends for its failure in following the difficult ways of the interior life. According to Emerson, we are all of us putting forward some little thing that we can do well as an excuse for not living a lofty and equal life (but these are not his words). “We do penance as we go,” he says. And perhaps the sympathy and good taste which incline to praise and admire the “Imitation,” and the diligence which applies itself to the study of the author’s life and conditions, are a kind of apology for the small obedience given to its counsels by a distracted world.

Had there never been a question as to the authorship of the “Imitation,” had à Kempis always been acknowledged as the writer, more would be doubtless known by the thousands of its readers as to the personality of the good Canon of St. Augustine. To many it is a surprise to find how much has been recorded, and how full and detailed are the remembrances remaining to us. It was some time ago the task of Mr. Kettlewell to collect these for English readers,* after making a pilgrimage to the scenes of the life of the author of the “Imitation of Christ”—Kempfen, where he was born and where he lived till he was fourteen years old; Deventer, where he went to perfect his

* “Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of the Common Life.” By the Rev. S. Kettlewell, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

education, and became associated with the "Brothers of the Common Life;" and Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, where he became a Canon Regular of the Order of St. Augustine, and dwelt the greater part of his long life. The same writer has extracted from all the other writings of à Kempis whatever helps to the understanding of the simple facts in the story of one who had in the world "no place of his rest." These three places comprise the whole scene of that story. The fourteenth century was not a time of locomotion, and we know from a passage of the "Imitation" that Thomas à Kempis distrusted the effect of movement on the soul, as he did that of sickness; and the stationary life he lived, burdened with little bodily suffering, was doubtless that which could set most free the soul in meditation.

Beyond the common beauty of air and light, earth and water, there was little beauty in the landscape that educated the eyes of à Kempis. In no part of the world that I have seen is Nature herself so unlovely as in the flat plains that lie in reach of Cologne Cathedral. Some flat land is beautiful, though Mr. Ruskin says not—the flatness of Holland, for instance, where a barge with its rich red colour seems to come sailing into the flowering fields; where a windmill on a dyke takes all the wind of the huge sky; where brimming rivers are pearl-grey, and the roofs of the close little towns are red, and the lucid horizon line is broken by—instead of mountains—such things as a cow feeding, or a broad-breasted woman with the cord round her shoulders towing a slow barge, from the clean deck of which a child sings, a little dog barks. Nor are the long lines of poplar-planted French country without their beauty, nor some levels in England whence larks rise and where barley and rye colour the long fields with tender variety. But the flat country on the Rhine is flatter than anything else in the world, with an unlovely flatness looking rather like the ugly finish and perfection of man's work that is made by machinery than

any natural thing. Its greenness too is improbable. And there are neither curves nor accidents ; all the divisions are rectangular, and consist not of hedges that foster flowers, but of little straight ditches without banks or borders. It is hard to understand how the people who till this utilitarian land ever know their dreary little squares and oblongs from their neighbours'. But the small towns in this land were fair and quaint with their little walls, and towers, and canals, and cheerful market-places. It was in one of these there dwelt John and Gertrude Hämmerlein, a pious artisan with a wife who had the virtues rare and precious in a little German town with a market place ; she was attentive to the affairs of her household, and not given to much talk. Their son was as often, in after years, called Malleolus as à Kempis, his surname being translated according to the trick of the time. The biographers have much to say of the sanctity of the child's surroundings, of the little pilgrimages made at his mother's side, and how his father avoided contentions, and gave respect to all men, and, living frugally with his family, imparted what he had to others, and remembered the necessities of all. Thomas received these examples into his heart, and during his whole long life he had the blessing of good communications. His parents were such as I have said, his brother was a brother indeed, going before him into the seclusion of the spiritual life, and welcoming him thither in after years. As to the companions he found for his manhood, they were the salt of the earth. And if it is important in the arts and in literature to inquire into the question of pupilage, to look into the derivations that act strongly upon the most original and individual temperaments, it is more important still in the docile training of spirituality.

The Brothers of the Common Life at Deventer were bound together by no vows, nor were many of them in Holy Orders. Their work was purely that of spiritual perfection, but among the means in use was the sheltering of boys attending the public

school of the town, such of these as were poor being helped also with money for their instruction. John à Kempis had studied thus under the care of the Brothers, and had afterwards been received into the Brotherhood. Thither came Thomas also, and the separation from Kempen was final. Deventer is a city of the Lower Netherlands, in the Diocese of Utrecht, about twenty-six miles from Arnheim and sixty from Amsterdam. Dutch now, it was then German, the Bishop of Utrecht being the most powerful Prince of the country, and having under him as vassals the Counts of Holland, Gelder, and Cleves. The present Gothic Cathedral of Deventer was old in the fourteenth century, but the school (where Erasmus, among others, succeeded à Kempis) is gone.

When Thomas reached Deventer he found that his brother had left to join the Canons of St. Augustine, who were recruited from the Brothers of the Common Life, at Windesheim. Thither Thomas followed him and received his affectionate encouragement in the way of self-renunciation. Bearing then a letter to Florentius, Superior of the Brotherhood, he returned to Deventer. And in Florentius he found the man who was to be his father in the new life. Thomas himself has said : " I was induced to apply to that most reverend man, Master Florentius, a vicar of the Church at Deventer, and a devout priest, the sweet fragrance of whose fame had already reached the upper provinces and already had inspired me with a reverential love for him. . . . In the eyes of all men he was full of grace, being a true worshipper of God, and a most devout reverencer of our holy mother, the Church. When I came therefore into the presence of this reverend Father, he, being at once moved with pity towards me, kept me for some little time in his own house, and there he prepared and instructed me for the schools. . . . Afterwards he obtained for me a hospitable reception into the house of a certain honourable and devout matron, who showed much kindness to me and to several other clerics."

The rector of the public school, John Boheme, was also a holy priest and bound by a devoted friendship to Florentius. This is how Thomas à Kempis relates what took place at the close of his first course of studies. It is too simple to be lost or shortened: "I, among the rest, gave him what was owing As he knew me, and was aware that I was under the care of Father Florentius, he said to me, 'Who gave thee that money?' I replied, 'My Father Florentius.' Then said he 'Go, carry back to him his money, for out of love for him will I receive nothing from thee.' I therefore returned the money to Father Florentius, and said to him, 'Out of love to thee, my master has given me back the school money.' 'Thank him,' he answered; and said, 'For the future I will endeavour to reward him with more precious gifts.' "

How strong was the generous young sentiment of devotion to a dear elder in the heart of Thomas à Kempis may be judged from this other simple record: "It was my custom to attend the choir singing in the church with my schoolfellows, according to the desire of my master Boheme. . . . As often then as I saw my Superior, Florentius, standing in the choir, the mere presence of so holy a man inspired me with such awe that I dared not speak when he looked up from his book. On one occasion it happened that I was standing near him in the choir, and he turned to the book we had and sang with us. And standing close behind me he supported himself by placing both his hands upon my shoulders, and I stood quite still, scarcely daring to move, so astonished was I at the honour he had done me."

Thomas à Kempis wrote the life of this beloved master, in which he tells us that Florentius Radewin was some thirty years his senior and had himself been the pupil of Gerard Groote, the founder of the Brothers of Common Life, by whom he was drawn into the practice of religion. "And when the most sweet south wind of Divine love blew more frequently upon the

little garden of the heart of Florentius, which was watered with his tears, he began to be very fruitful in great devotion, and to be incited with a pious emulation to draw others from the pollution of sin. He took great pains, therefore, to gain as spiritual brothers those who formerly he used to delight to have as worldly companions when engaged in the study of literature. . . . Nor was the labour useless which he bestowed in winning souls, for abundant fruit grew therefrom. For many young men and young women, confiding in his salutary counsel, left their parents and friends and began to walk humbly and piously ; and, abhorring a worldly life, to lead a social life in Christ, after the apostolic manner, and with cheerful hearts delighted to have a common table, and to eat sparingly." During his superiorship Florentius never dispensed himself from the service of the kitchen, where he was wont to put himself under the direction of the holy cook, of whom more anon. Nay, he was the more eager to do this kind of work, because it was the custom for the whole community to pray for the members engaged in working for them ; and Florentius trusted more in their prayers than in his own. And being of such delicate health that he could take no solid food, and could not therefore dine at the common table, he used to eat with the cook in the kitchen, "at a little table soberly prepared." "I," says à Kempis, "though unworthy, being invited by him, have often prepared his table, and rejoicing I have ministered to him with much cheerfulness." It was the teaching of Florentius that an humble soul is capable of benefiting more by rightly doing the work of a family, out of love to Christ's members, than by prayers in church or by meditation in the closet. From many a lovely passage in the Life, I can only quote this one more, where à Kempis says : "In the month of May, when the herbs are especially valuable for medicaments, the pious Father was not forgetful of his poor. Knowing that many were feeble, afflicted with scurvy, and ulcerous, he caused them to come to his house on an appointed

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day at a certain hour for medicines and for a bath to be taken in warm water with fragrant herbs. For whom he prepared, when well bathed and washed, a little bed very clean. . . . A little cup of something being given to invigorate them, and a word of consolation, they went back with great joy." Florentius died at fifty years of age, in 1400, having spent his half-century in subduing himself and in loving God. He left behind him a great family of children, whom he had begotten in the Lord, for he was evidently one of those who produce fruit in others—a fecundating power. Gerard was the founder of the Brotherhood, but Florentius was essentially its father.

Of Gerard himself, also, Thomas à Kempis has left us records. Born ten years earlier than his pupil and friend, he was educated at the great University of Paris, whence he emerged into the brilliant life of a worldly and learned Canon of those times. But at the age of thirty-four his heart was turned altogether to heaven; and derided by his former associates he clad himself in the grey wool which became the habit of the Brotherhood, and allowed himself only what was common and of little worth. Three years of seclusion in a monastery, with incessant austerity and discipline, were followed by the labour of preaching; and in his doctrine we find whence it was that Thomas à Kempis, his spiritual son's spiritual son, derived something of his spirit. Then followed the founding of the Brotherhood—the New Devotion, as it was called. Gerard the Great watched over the brothers and the sisters (for women, dwelling in a house apart, were associated in the Common Life) until his death; and the care he took of the young students in his charge is shown by his devices for preserving the self-respect of the poorest. All were allotted some task: those who were sent to the school free of charge being directed to do some work in payment. And what his boys earned he kept by him, so that they should visit him when they wanted money and receive words of exhortation and encouragement. He died amid the tears of his brotherhood, to whom he gave Florentius as his successor.

One of Gerard's converts was Everard the physician, who cured à Kempis in an illness; and we have records also of John de Gronde and John Brinckerinck, famous preachers. To the feet of de Gronde penitents came even while he sat at meat, as they did to his Master; Brinckerinck was a zealous propagandist of religion in the pulpit and the confessional. Next comes Arnold of Schoonhoven, à Kempis's chief friend, his contemporary in age and in the spiritual life, devoted from his childhood to the service of heaven. This most happy saint tried to hide his prayers and his joy from the eyes of others, but they watched him to catch something of the delight of his voice and face. "The sound of gladness," says à Kempis, "could be heard in his throat." And yet another dear friend of the author of the "Imitation" was John Cacabus (to give him one of the several names he bore), cook to the Brotherhood of the Common Life, who, being well-born and converted from worldly loves and vanities, could never be persuaded to leave his menial office in the religious house. "This man," says à Kempis, "exhibited so much humility in his conduct and exemplary behaviour, that he preached more on the contempt of worldly things by his deeds than by his words. Yet his discourse was not lacking force when he came to speak about God. . . . But who can worthily speak of the virtues of this man? Nevertheless, love requires me to say a few words, so that this hidden pearl of the Lord's vineyard should not any longer lie concealed, but that it should be brought to light for the edification of many." In his former state of mind, Arnold had aimed at the priesthood for the sake of glory; now he renounced it for the sake of humility, and, standing in his white cooking dress, he would say "with great zest and pleasantness of soul, 'Am I not now made a great priest and prelate?'"

The good Gerard Zerbolt was the *Scripturarius* of the house, who directed its chief art and industry—that of transcribing—and who also composed spiritual books. Then comes Lubert

Berner, a member of the Brotherhood who was also a priest. Of the many things told concerning him, I must extract this as illustrating the ways of the Brotherhood: "There were two clerics talking between themselves concerning Lubert, one of whom said, 'It seems to me that Master Lubert assumes too austere a countenance, and when I would speak freely to him I dare not.' The other answered, 'If you like I will speak to him, and he will peradventure amend himself.' He therefore went to him and said, 'I want to speak openly to you upon a little matter,' and he replied 'Very well.' He therefore said, 'There is a certain manner in you which is offensive; you are too abrupt, and look austere upon those who address you, so that they dare not come to you, nor speak with you. You should be more affable and sweeter in your words, so that they may gladly come to you.' Then Master Lubert humbly responded, 'I will most readily amend myself in this respect by the grace of God, and I am grateful to you for having admonished me.' From that hour, Master Lubert was changed, as it were, into another man, and his countenance wore a joyful aspect towards those who approached him."

It was in such society that Thomas à Kempis lived and wrought, from the age of fourteen to that of twenty, in the Brotherhood of the Common Life. There probably he wrote part of the "Soliloquy of the Soul," supposed to be the earliest of his works, the "Imitation" being written after his time at Deventer had closed, and when he was a canon at Mount St. Agnes. His going to this latter place is one of the few landmarks of that simple life. Five or six years had passed in the Brotherhood, and Florentius might well long to keep his son and pupil at his side. But, forgetting himself, he counselled him to determine his own life. "O Thomas, my son, most dear in the Lord," said the master, "the time approaches when you must choose your future career." The answer is evidently that à Kempis chooses the religious state, for Florentius proceeds:

"But perhaps you will ask to be informed what order of religious I would most strongly recommend, for there are very many. But among these, that which has been founded among us seems the best, which our most excellent father, Gerard the Great, left to us when dying, as the most commendable—that of the Canons living under the rule of the godly Father Augustine." A Kempis replied with a trembling voice that he had desired this with many tears. "Since I have a brother at Windesheim, I would that your love would cause that I might find a place among the very dear disciples in Mount St. Agnes." This and almost all that relates to Thomas himself we have not from him but from his biographer.

Mr. Kettlewell went to Mount St. Agnes as well as to Deventer, and describes the former place as pleasant and healthy, open to soft winds from the downs. The monastery and its church are gone, and their site hardly remembered. Nor was the house famous in the time of Thomas à Kempis, who probably chose it as a hiding-place. There John à Kempis welcomed his brother tenderly, for the desire of both had been that they might come together in the religious life. It is thought that John persuaded his brother, during the novitiate of five years, to undertake several devotional writings, but all relating to the time of the composition of à Kempis's minor works is obscure enough. Mount St. Agnes, it should be said, was an offshoot of Windesheim, the mother house of the Canons; and near the former, in the town of Zwolle, there was a house of the Brotherhood of the Common Life. John à Kempis had been elected prior of the monastery, and had left Windesheim to rule there for nine years. Under him there was much labour done in building for the community, and tilling the ground. Thomas à Kempis himself has written the chronicles of the house, but over these we cannot linger here. At Deventer his spirit was formed—he who had borne the greatest part in the work, Florentius, dying shortly after his

young pupil had left him ; at Mount St. Agnes he is no longer in the sensitive age that takes deep impressions from surroundings. Though here we need not and cannot linger over the companions of his life, the reader should be assured that Mount St. Agnes was a home of peace and charity and sanctity, and also a home of extreme poverty. In the year 1406 the young cleric was "invested" or admitted to take his vows as a canon. In 1425 he began a labour which lasted fifteen years—the copying out in Latin, in a fair large hand, of the whole Bible. In 1429 the Canons were disturbed. Sweder de Culenborgh had been confirmed as Bishop of Utrecht by the Holy See. Utrecht itself and other towns received him, but Zwolle, Campen and Deventer refused, and were placed under an interdict. A great controversy arose amongst the clergy and the people, as some were for observing the interdict and some—the majority—for disregarding it. "Alas! Holy God!" says à Kempis, "on St. Lambert's day it was enjoined that we must suspend our singing on account of the interdict. Thereupon, on our observing the same, the nobles of the land and a great number of people were enraged against us, and other religious houses: we endured much opprobrium, and were at length compelled to leave our monastery and the country." The expelled Canons, à Kempis being then sub-prior, took refuge with the sisters in Hasselt, and set sail, "being desirous," he says, "of getting to Friesland for the name of Christ and for our obedience to the Holy Roman Church." At this time John à Kempis fell fatally ill at Bethania, near Arnheim. Thomas did not let him die alone. Leaving the rest in Friesland, he passed fourteen months at his brother's side, watching over body and soul until the end. Of these months, the events, words and works of which were personal to himself and his brother, à Kempis has left no record whatever. About those things that concerned the community his pen was communicative; but in this matter the holy brothers must have repeated

to one another "*Ama nesciri.*" Soon afterwards the community returned to Mount St. Agnes.

The chronicle, written by Thomas's hand, was now resumed, and its pages are concerned with life after holy life, and death after holy death. Visitations of the plague are recorded in which some of the Canons fell. In one year of plague, à Kempis finished a long work of his—the making a fair copy of many of his own treatises, with the entire "Imitation" at the beginning. The whole formed a duodecimo volume, signed by the author, with the date of its completion. The book is still to be seen at the Royal Library, Brussels. Soon after this, à Kempis held the office of Procurator in the House, a post of most active external duties which, though they suited ill with his solitude of spirit, he fulfilled with a single heart. The reason of his election to this office, says his biographer, Badius Ascensius, was his charitable readiness in alms-giving. Another biographer writes of him at this time: "It would be beyond my power to transmit to posterity his love of God, and the love and benevolence wherewith he was inflamed towards the Brethren." But he returned anon to the post of sub-prior. At the age of 77 he copied several of his works afresh, and his handwriting shows unabated strength. He said frequently, as old age grew upon him: "I have sought for rest in many things, but found it not, except in little corners, and in little books." The great woman who has written of his work in our own time speaks, in another place, of the *outward* look of healthy old age, and it would seem that this most healthy and holy old age looked out from the cell of the soul upon the little world of the monastery. And his attention to the offices of the Church never failed. He was the first to enter and the last to leave, and he wrote canticles for the community, and instructed them in the uses of music.

The last entry made by his hand in the chronicles of the house, records the death of a pious brother, and his own holy end follows, narrated by another, scantily. *Ama nesciri.* He

died at the age of 91, on the Feast of St. James the Less, at the close of a long summer's day, after Compline, having spent sixty-two years in the Order, during fifty-seven of which he had been a priest.

"The voice of a brother" is George Eliot's phrase for that beloved book, the "Imitation," which fires the vestal heart of Maggie Tulliver with a passion of renunciation. Later the poor child has her renaissance, for in every separate man and woman the phases of the work seem to be repeated; but the mediævalism of à Kempis returns to save her from wrong-doing in her supreme hour. "Having left all things that thou leave also thyself." This is the one inspiration of that noble teacher, to whom the hopes of so many holders of a definite faith must have seemed little else than a postponement of egoism. Thomas à Kempis has been a brother to her and to many who had rather the spirit than the name of Christianity, as well as to the multitude that no man can number who have used his speech.

It has been left for our time to pay Thomas à Kempis the reverence of the most careful translation* yet made of his work. Founded upon that of Bishop Challoner, which was chosen for its faithfulness, it has been turned into more Teutonic English than his, and corrected where faults were discovered. Professor Paley and Father Pope, of the Birmingham Oratory, were the revisers, and devoted minute care to all questions of scholarship, as well as to the special turn which should be given to the words. The frontispiece we publish this month is that also of the Parchment Edition, and is a reproduction, in the finest wood engraving, of a beautiful drawing from the hand of Mr. W. B. Richmond.

ALICE MEYNELL.

* "Of the Imitation of Christ." Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Retrospective Prosings.

IN this world of unceasing change, we are most of us accustomed, especially at the beginning or close of the year, or on the recurrence of certain anniversaries, to pause and compare, at least in a few of its characteristics, the present with some former epoch ; and as each of us does this from his own standpoint, his individual experiences may be of interest to his neighbours. With this idea, I endeavour to note some of the particulars in which, according to my mind, the England of to-day differs from the England of forty years ago. In selecting this period, I have no such motive as led the author of "Waverley" to fix a precise year for the second title of his first novel, which he connects with an interesting historical event. Some of the things concerning which I write may have lasted a year or two after, or disappeared a year or two before the date indicated. It is sufficient for my purpose that they existed forty years ago—or thereabouts.

Whether all the change of recent times has been, in the true sense of the word, Progress, need not be here discussed ; but this at least must be allowed that in all that concerns material comfort and physical convenience the improvement has been evident and uninterrupted. From the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, in city or country, at home or on the road, we old people are conscious, every moment of our lives, of some new invention which enables us to do easily almost everything we formerly did with trouble. In the darkness of the winter's morning the first thing to be got is a light, now a moment's work, not causing more effort than can be made by a little child ; but fifty years ago great was the misery

of the unfortunate marchioness, who, with fingers blue in the cold, wasted time and breath in laborious hammering with a flint upon the tinder box. True, there were matches then, but they were broad thin pieces of wood, ending in a yellow smear, meant to be used only when light had been already struck.

In those days, if a man had a place of business in the city, he usually walked into it from what were then the favourite suburbs—Walworth, Pentonville, Kingsland, and Dalston. Wealthy merchants might live further off; but men of moderate mean were obliged to keep near to their offices. The stream set in citywards at an early hour—old men, young men and boys, all alike on foot. Now a lad just from school must get on the top of the omnibus, buy his penny paper, perhaps smoke his cigar, and thus before he begins his day's work he has spent more money than his predecessor in the old time did in such ways during the entire week. Some of the old pedestrians were such miracles of punctuality, they served as Greenwich guides by which the goodwives whose dwellings they passed were accustomed to regulate their clocks. Arrived at his place of business, the man of that day had none of the now familiar devices for facilitating work. Long forms were then written by hand over and over again, no one apparently having thought of the obvious saving of time effected by printing. Instead of being merely slipped into an envelope, every letter, after being copied by hand, was elaborately folded and sealed. The time occupied in making and mending the grey goose quills must in large establishments have been almost equal to that of an additional clerk. And then as darkness set in, wretched bad-smelling candles were lighted—candles which were always guttering, and perpetually required the snuffers; while outside the poor lamplighter had to run along at a speed which became proverbial, with a ladder across his shoulder, which he was obliged laboriously to ascend at every post. But such matters are merely trifles, beside the complete revolution in the mode of

conducting business caused by such trite inventions as the Telegraph, the Telephone, and such institutions as the Penny Post.

But there are changes greater than these. The cheap newspapers and immense increase in periodical literature have completely altered the literary tastes and habits of the people. Forty years since, books were comparatively few ; but, for that very reason, they were well read and digested. Most young men of any education and intelligence were well acquainted with what were then considered English classics. Now-a-days many confine their reading to the papers, and perhaps to a selection of the magazines. Then a number of purely literary and scientific institutions existed and were generally popular, although from the debating classes political and religious subjects were rigidly excluded. Now a debating society must be a sort of mock Parliament, and merely literary subjects are voted insufferably dull. I have myself been present in past years at debates upon such subjects as the relative merits of the Classical and Romantic Drama, and have heard such points as the necessity for preserving the Unities keenly and ably discussed. Young men before going to see a play of Shakespeare's would read it through conscientiously and critically, so that they knew beforehand where Macready would make his chief points, and where his readings differed from those of Kemble or Kean or Young, of whom they had heard from their elders. Now the same class of young men delight in burlesques, and in the inanities of the Music-hall and the follies of Nigger Minstrels. Many young people, who now claim to be intelligent and well taught, know Shakespeare mainly through the medium of Irving and Miss Terry. Of other great English writers they know scarcely the names. The Polytechnic Institution, which used to be well supported and almost always crowded, has now ceased to exist. In order to obtain a paying audience, it is necessary to combine with the solemnities of science some of the levities of Cremorne.

Perhaps it is in the modes of conveyances and the facilities for travel that the material superiority of the present generation is most apparent ; and we must attribute to this some of the most patent modifications in the modern national character. Men who, forty years ago, were elderly or middle-aged, had been born and nurtered when the Continent of Europe was closed against the English tourist. A time of peace had followed war, but people were so unaccustomed to the idea of foreign travel, and it was, moreover, so difficult and expensive a process, it remained practically beyond the reach of the great bulk of well-to-do-people. Shut up in his island home, the average middle-class Briton of the period presented peculiarities of character and disposition, in part, at least, the direct result of his isolation. I will say of him, however, in the first place, that he was emphatically a good man—honest and straightforward in business, excellent in all his family relations, a faithful friend, kindly and hospitable to all ; though prudent and frugal, not ungenerous ; and, according to his lights, reverential and religious. Of course his character had its ludicrous side. England was the one chosen spot, the true Goshen, in which the true Israelites dwelt. He looked upon that numerically large, but otherwise inconsiderable, portion of humanity that had the misfortune to be foreigners, either with lofty contempt or compassionate toleration, as his disposition happened to be mild or otherwise. Britannia had but lately "scattered her enemies, and made them fall ;" and, though he scarcely pardoned the Wesleyans for adopting song tunes for some of their hymns, and would have been perfectly shocked at what the Salvation Army have since done in the same direction, I think he would not have been surprised or dissatisfied if all "Tate and Brady" had been set to the tune of "Rule Britannia."

If anything came before him that he found novel or objectionable, it was quite sufficient condemnation to say of it that it

was "un-English," and with some such phrase he would resist every "innovation," however harmless, or even desirable. Of innovation, in truth, he had a terrible dread. The word, skilfully managed, became the very symbol of discord, so that quiet rural parishes were turned into battlefields, and their venerable churches became scenes of riot. The surplice, an orderly and decent vestment in the reading-desk, was a rag of Popery in the pulpit; but it was not so much because it was 'Popish' that men's minds were so stirred, as because the *Times* and other papers always took care to describe such alterations in the ritual as "innovations."

The heading "Innovations in the Church" became stereotyped, and all England went mad. I knew a clergyman at a district church in one of the most Evangelical parishes in London—himself a Simeonite without guile—who ventured to make one of the most simple and innocent changes it is possible to conceive in his mode of conducting service in his church. He merely gave out the hymns and church-notices himself, as a rubric in the Book of Common Prayer directs, instead of leaving it to his clerk, who was liable to mispronounce his words and to misplace his h's. One of the principal members of his congregation declared he did not like it, and another described it as the "thin end of the wedge." And this was another of the governing phrases of the time. Although people looked upon all British institutions as built on the most solid foundations, immovable as the everlasting hills, they feared the thinnest possible ends of the weakest of all imaginable wedges. I remember an old gentleman who always wore Hessian boots, and who endeavoured to shut up any one who would recommend the slightest improvement or alteration either in public or private affairs by the one phrase, "Sir, it's the thin end of the wedge." No doubt their fears at the insertion of so many imaginary wedges were only evanescent and skin-deep, for in the main our Englishman of

forty years ago was perfectly satisfied with his country and himself. As far as England was concerned, he would almost say with the poet,

“Whatever is, is right.”

The arms of Britain were invincible; her Empire of the Seas was undisputed; her manufactures and commerce were unrivalled, and her liberties unassailable; the Constitution was nearly divine, and the Prayer-Book all but inspired. She need wish for no accession to her greatness, and she stood in no peril of its diminution; and all that her fortunate sons had to do was to bask in the sunshine, and be thankful.

Alas for lost illusions! We no longer believe that Frenchmen are always dancing and eating frogs; that Germans are for ever swilling beer and devouring sauerkraut; that the Pope dines on a baby every Friday; that Italians and Spaniards divide their time between assignations and assassinations; and that Russians are perpetually knouting their wives.

As for education, which has been so greatly extended of late, it appears to some persons that much of what goes by that name is teaching rather than education, and cramming rather than teaching, especially in the case of such elementary education as is paid for in part by government subsidy. The most careless and incalpable children must be made as well able to pass an examination as the cleverest, or the grant is in danger. It would seem that the children were created for the grant, and not the grant dispensed for the children. Under this system, if the dull and backward are not so liable to fall hopelessly below the average as formerly, neither have the industrious and gifted so favourable an opportunity of rising conspicuously above it. I have known, in the past, when no Acts of Parliament had been consulted in the arrangements, and when the teachers had no certificates, rough and ready schools, not conducted on any approved system, where many of the boys would have out-

distanced those of the same age in our Board schools, merely because their teachers, having recognized remarkable ability, and they themselves having appreciated the special care bestowed upon them, both master and pupils warmed to their work. Whether it will answer, in the long run, to require as much from the dullest pupil as from the most brilliant, remains to be seen. I have spoken of elementary education, because it affects more immediately the great bulk of the people; and with extended suffrage will most powerfully influence the future of society. Certainly the exterior and superficial aspect of our Poor Schools is far more inviting than it was. The space allowed both for study and play, and the carefully considered sanitary rules now enforced, are all great advantages enjoyed by the present over the past. Whether we shall have cause to congratulate ourselves equally upon the results obtained, intellectual, moral, and religious, is one of the problems that time alone can solve.

Besides the organic political changes of the last forty years, there has been a transformation in the entire theory of government, as held to day by men of almost all parties—a theory, fundamentally different from that which ruled in England from Anglo-Saxon times till the present century had far advanced. Men used to quote the constitution as something which must on no account be violated. On this they based their liberties and their rights. To-day the suffrage is claimed as a natural right; formerly it was held to be a privilege conceded by the Constitution. The Constitution was regarded as the foundation alike of Authority and Freedom, and any one who would transgress its fundamental principles would be regarded not as a statesman but as a traitor. Now the cry would be “Away with the Constitution,” if it was found to be in any way an obstacle to the development of Popular Sovereignty; and although a measure may be opposed as premature or inexpedient, even a Conservative would not expect to make much impression by denouncing it as unconstitutional.

Not only have cautious statesmen advocated and passed measures which would formerly have been considered the wildest Jacobinism, but the established orthodoxy has been also rudely shaken. The "Tracts for the Times," and the "Essays and Reviews," Cardinal Wiseman and Mr. Spurgeon, Bradlaugh and the Salvation Army, have all had their share in disturbing the pious somnolence which in the last age produced almost absolute religious content. These changes are in many cases evident improvements, and contain elements of hope; but some things have been lost that can ill be spared; and there is danger lest the reaction from what was tight-laced and dull may tend to too much lightness; lest appreciation of what is good in other lands, may result in weak cosmopolitan sentiment and enfeebled patriotism; lest toleration of all Creeds may degenerate into belief in none. Every day, in drifting further from the old moorings, we are launched upon a perilous and uncertain course. But in spite of the incessant movement which seems to be a condition of modern civilization, all will be well if we and our children preserve the love of truth and justice, the passion for liberty, the high sense of duty and the devout reverence for what we accept as Divine Revelation, which distinguished Englishmen of forty years ago.

EDWARD BOURNE.

Emperor and Ex-Minister.

THE Boulogne failure, of which Lord Malmesbury's account has been given, doubtless added to the impression among Napoleon's companions at this time that this Prince of shabby conspiracy, was a fool. To the present writer, who may be allowed to add one of his own reminiscences to those of the ex-minister, Louis Blanc twenty times in after years expressed his conviction that the man was a fool—" *bête, bête—il n'est pas permis d'être si bête.*" And the little Republican who some thirteen years later was "amnestied" by his old London companion, then Emperor, and who replied that the question was whether he, in exile, without power, without friends, had ever amnestied Napoleon, and that, in fact, he never had—the indomitable Louis Blanc—used also to relate how the stupidity of Louis Napoleon was of the dense kind that wit and good reasons cannot pierce. Talk to him the most penetrating logic to refute some statement of his, and at the end of your talking he repeated his original proposition with a mien of satisfaction and security. So if you found that by a miracle you had made a certain impression, and parted with him under that hope at the door of his London lodgings, you found that by the next day he had reverted, and that Sisyphus must begin again with the stone at the very bottom of the hill. All this is the view of a disputant who was not admitted into his companion's mind, who did not hear its secret commentaries or follow its processes. And in addition to the "dissembling," there was the fact that Napoleon was at the disadvantage (or advantage) which besets a man of slow tongue among fluent theorists. And the Republican of 1846 was fluent indeed. The event of 1870 made

away with the occupation of a population of talkers. To use a rather violent metaphor, it let loose the floods of eloquence over the great flat plain of the present Republic of mediocrity, where all those floods spread themselves and grew tame. It may be added that besides a difficult tongue, Louis Napoleon had dull eyes, eyes so lightless that they looked almost dead, and that he had the sensitive dislike which arises from some forms of ill-health to meeting the looks of those with whom he spoke. A Savoyard gentleman to whom, many years later, Napoleon offered—purely for the sake of his huge height and splendid handsomeness—a commission in the Cent Gardes, used to tell how not once during their talk upon this subject did he succeed in catching the wandering uneasy eyes of the otherwise dignified Emperor over whom he towered. Now the fluent Republican had generally very bright eyes, and he had no self-consciousness in letting the world meet the full light of their vivacity, their vivid unintellectual intelligence. Thus Nature helped that dissembling *rôle*, and every one thought Louis Napoleon in 1846 a stupid man. After 1851 there was the inevitable reaction as to his astuteness. He it was who in all vulgar judgment was fit

To send the murdering Macchiavel to school.

One of the simple truths of the situation at this time probably was that with the close of youth his nervous sensitiveness had become extreme. Some who rode near him in Italy in 1859 have asserted that that sudden peace of Villafranca had a curiously personal explanation. Neither the Emperor's stomach nor his nerves could bear the sights, and the smells, and the sounds of the battlefields. Violent fits of sickness overcame the French leader; and he seized the pen to sign a treaty which should rid him of the sword he had learned to loathe. The horrible impression had grown dull by the fatal day of the declaration of war in 1870; nevertheless he was on

that day a reluctant man. It is not improbable that on the long walks home at night from Lady Blessington's in those earlier years he flinched under Louis Blanc's ruthless command of language and under Dickens's emphasis and vigour.

To return to Lord Malmesbury. He gives but a glimpse of the exile in his famous part as a London citizen during the Chartist alarm in 1848. "Among the special constables stationed round Trafalgar Square, Prince Louis Napoleon was on duty." The next meeting was in Paris, in the following year, when the "dissembler" was dissembling as Prince President of the Republic.

"Saturday, March 30. I arrived at Paris this morning, and having informed the Prince. . . . of my being here, he immediately gave me audience. Lord Stanley being at the head of the Opposition, the Prince seemed anxious to know what he might expect from him if he succeeded the present Government. He himself was only just in the saddle, in a position of great difficulty, and very anxious about the future. He said the danger to Europe lay in the absolute necessity of modifying the treaties of 1815, which should be done before a war broke out. What would England do if Austria and Prussia went to war? What would England do if such a modification was proposed by a Congress? France, he said, would now be jealous of our gaining more power in Egypt, and France and England together could remodel everything. . . . Of France, he said, the Legitimists were really the most unpatriotic and *bêtes*. . . . They hated England the most of any of the different parties. If he chose to write an article as long as his finger against them in the *Moniteur*, he could rally the *Rouges* and Republicans round him, but this he would not do. The Royalists wanted him to play the part of the monk, without seeing the difference of the situation of public opinion, as well as his own personally. He would in that case betray the 7,000,000 who had elected him, even if he had the power, which he had not. The worst of the situation was that he had not one friend on whom he could depend; he was quite alone, and his only friends were those he did not know."

These remarks, by the way, made to the direct and rather simple Englishman, seem singularly to the purpose. Lord Malmesbury continues: "He seemed to me very thin-skinned about the English newspapers and the reports regarding himself. He dislikes Lord Aberdeen."

There is another interview during the Presidency.

"April 16 (1850). In Paris. On arriving I wrote to the President, who asked me to breakfast the next morning at the Elysée. He was more than cordial, and began by reminding me that he had always told me in his darkest days he would some day govern France. 'I told you so,' said he, 'when you came to me in my prison at Ham, and you and every one thought I was mad. But although I am here I know nobody. . . . I have tried to conciliate all parties, but I can conciliate none; there is now a conspiracy to seize me and send me to Vincennes, and General Changarnier and Thiers are at its head. . . . Your ambassador, Lord Normanby, is intriguing against me. . . . I believe he carries on a secret correspondence with Prince Albert to my detriment.' After this he invited me to drive with him at St. Cloud and see the horses, which I did. Among the horses was a splendid dark chestnut, which the stud groom, an Englishman, led out to show me. The President, after admiring him much, ordered the man to send him to his stables in Paris. 'I can't do that, sir,' he replied, 'the horse belongs to the Republic.' As we were sitting in the phaeton, Louis Napoleon jogged my arm, and observed, 'you see my position; it is time to put an end to it.' Driving home, he made no secret of his intention of being beforehand with his enemies, and there was no mistaking the means he would take to be so."

The means were taken in the next year. But how ignoble a preamble! Are they right who have so long asserted that the horses, and the cooks—the cooks especially—the diamonds, and the whole sensuous luxury of empire were the prizes for the sake of which the long plots of so many years were hatched? Did Napoleon in this sense steal the crown and put it in his pocket? In subsequent years Napoleon told Lord Malmesbury

of a diary written in exile, in which he had expressed his mission —“to restore happiness to France, and the eagles to the army ; all the rest was a bagatelle !” The man who spoke so little in London was always a *pérorateur* with his pen.

Soon after the *coup d'état* comes the question of continuing the dynasty. Once, in the days of exile, he had had a project. “He one day,” says Lord Malmesbury, “walked me twice round Berkeley Square, inquiring if I thought he should have any chance of being accepted by Lady Clementina Villiers if he proposed to her. I could not give him any encouragement, as I knew Lady Jersey had a particular dislike to him. . . . When Lady Jersey went to Paris he would not invite her to the Tuileries.” Lady Clementina died in the flower of her youth and beauty. “He is much perplexed, as he is averse to marriage, and yet feels that none of the Bonaparte family are fit to succeed him, and could not maintain an Imperial dynasty. Jerome and his son lose no opportunity of annoying and crossing the President’s views. He despises but fears them.” An attempt at a more or less political international alliance failed before Louis Napoleon, Emperor at last, married a fitting Empress for his Empire—a little too delicate for the slangy society that surrounded her, but for that reason invaluable. Lord Malmesbury tells us how the exaggerated women of her Court smoked in her open carriage, so that the smoke was in her face, and how her sweet temper endured it, and how her dignity in graver matters was offended by the coarse manners of a princess of her husband’s family. Her exaltation gave a romance which was wanting to the situation. Her luxury and liveliness particularly impressed the English in the dowdy period of 1853 and thereabouts. Robert Browning gives the tone of the insular astonishment when he sings :—

“What’s in the *Times*? A scold
At the Emperor deep and bold.
He has taken a bride
To his gruesome side,

Who's as fair as himself is cold.
There they sit, ermine-stoled,
And she powders her hair with gold."

Lord Malmesbury dines with the Emperor and Empress at the Tuileries, and after mention of her beauty, speaks of her good English. She talked to the Emperor in that language when they wished not to be understood. "They did this two or three times, forgetting my presence, and laughed heartily at the mistake." After dinner the etiquette was very stiff—as stiff as Lord Malmesbury found it at Windsor—for "we stood for two hours."

"The Emperor again asked me before everybody, alluding to the recognition of the Empire by England, and with a very frank courage, at such a time and place, mentioned my having visited him in his prison at Ham. . . . He asked very anxiously whether the Queen's feelings had changed towards him, being influenced by Lord Aberdeen. I replied that it was very natural that at first she should feel strongly for her Orleanist relations, but that beyond this Her Majesty had no sentiments of enmity against him, and that I had always found Her Majesty alive to the importance of friendly relations with France. He said . . . that he had even risked his own popularity by enduring the abuse of the English press for a year; that this press infuriated the officers of the army." "We did not make sufficient allowance," the Emperor said on the same occasion, "for the Revolution of 1848, which prostrated the country, and was felt by all France to be only the forerunner of the Reign of Terror prepared for 1852 by Mazzini, Louis Blanc, &c.; that it was natural for John Bull, who had never seen a drop of blood shed, and read of 1688 as a romance, to enjoy the diatribes of the *Times* over his breakfast, and calling him a tyrant, not to perceive that whatever he (Napoleon) was, he was the consequence of the events of 1848."

The Emperor then suddenly broke into the question of refugees in England, stating his opinion that sooner or later it would bring us into a quarrel with other States. Lord Malmesbury answered that "as we knew that half of them were rascals, we

should be very glad to be rid of them." Times had changed since the Emperor was himself one of these very refugees ; and perhaps Lord Malmesbury—diplomatist as he was—remembered that episode in the career of His Majesty, when he described only half, instead of the whole of these aliens, by an uncomplimentary epithet. Then the Emperor said, alluding for the first time to what was to be the dread, the poison, and the horror of his years, "you know I am neither fanciful nor timid, but I give you my word of honour that three men have been successively arrested within fifty yards of me, armed with daggers and pistols. The last fired at the gendarme and wounded him. These men all came straight from England." He then spoke of old times, and of his mother, with great affection, saying, the thing he regretted most was her not living to see him where he was. After alluding to the offer he had made to the Princess of Hohenlohe, and asking Lord Malmesbury what he thought of the Empress—surely a matter of pure form—he said he had no time to lose, if he was to leave an heir grown up. The Empress at the same time asked Lord Malmesbury a great many questions about the Emperor's former health, whether "he was subject to headaches." "I suggested that these hot rooms were enough to give headaches to anybody who worked hard, and she said they both suffered from them, but that nothing could cool the Tuileries. She spoke of his assassination as a thing talked of, but to her conviction impossible." Lord Malmesbury, commenting on his visit, says that although the banquet and establishment of courtiers and servants was as splendid as possible, there was a feeling in the air which impressed him with the idea that the whole pageant must be ephemeral. "I cannot explain this sentiment, unless it was that I observed that the members of the household appeared not to have perfectly learnt their parts, and also that, having seen and known the Emperor for so many years in such a totally different position, his present one looked like a dream or a play ; but when each actor be-

comes acclimatized by time, it will be a magnificent Court, with a Sovereign who will command the attention of all Europe."

And on Lord Malmesbury's next visit to Paris the Court was magnificent indeed. Referring to Fontainebleau, he writes: "A servant in royal livery sat all day outside my door. And the palace is so immense that it is quite a journey from one part to another. The dinner was on the same scale." The Empress looked handsomer than ever, and her manner of receiving her guests was perfection. "She spoke to me a great deal about the Pope at Rome and the state of the Roman Catholics there and in Ireland." On the question of the excesses of the English press and its, to her, apparent indifference to assassination, "I found it hopeless to explain this abuse of our liberty." "The Empress objects to vulgar people, and prevents access to the Emperor," is the next entry.

When Napoleon and the Empress came to England in 1855, and drove at a walk through the acclaiming crowds of Londoners, on going up St. James's Street, the Emperor was seen to point out to the Empress the house where he formerly lived in King Street. This was at once understood by the crowd, who cheered louder than ever. On passing the Horse Guards, the Emperor stood up in his carriage and saluted the colours, and was, of course, immensely cheered. "Lord Adolphus (Fitz-Clarence) told me," writes Lord Malmesbury, "that the leave-taking, when the Emperor and Empress left, was most touching. Everybody cried, even the *suite*. The Queen's children began, as the Empress had been very kind to them and they were sorry to lose her, and this set off the Empress and maids of honour." It was next year that the Emperor had a son of his own. The father, who never left the room, was worked up into such a nervous state that for fifteen hours he cried and sobbed without ceasing; and when the child was born he was so overpowered with joy that he rushed into the next room and embraced the first five persons he met.

Then the attempts at assassination returned with their ominous warnings. The famous Orsini affair was preluded by a shot in the Champs Elysées. From this time the Emperor was evidently depressed by a fear that haunted him perpetually. Having seen his other previsions realized he was superstitiously apprehensive that his dreams of his own murder would also come to pass. Lord Malmesbury believes that the Italian war was undertaken by Napoleon to save his own life from assassination. "Cavour worked upon this at their interview at Plombières, and persuaded him that taking up the cause of Italy will save his life, forfeited according to the laws of the Carbonari. . . . His terror of assassination is very great. And no wonder," exclaims Malmesbury, "as he knows what a set of villains the Carbonari are."

In this same eventful year (1859), Lord Malmesbury had an important audience of Napoleon, who had seriously misunderstood his action as Foreign Secretary. The Emperor held forth on the hatred of the aristocracy in England, and of the Press against himself, though he believed the people had no such feeling. He abused our suspicious fears and useless preparations.

"I replied that no man could astonish the world as he had done by his performances in Italy, without frightening it also. . . . He confessed he did not know what to do with the Pope, who, though defended and protected by him, harboured his enemies under his own flag, meaning the French Royalists. He then plunged into the history and results of the Lombard war. 'When I determined to support the Piedmontese, in the event of Austria crossing the Ticino, and saw Cavour in 1858, it was agreed between us that France should expel the Austrians from the *whole* of North Italy, and that the Piedmontese should pay the cost. At the battle of Solferino, the French victory left my army very short of ammunition, with a loss of 17,000 of its prime troops, 150 miles from my base of operations, and with fever, still more fatal than the battle, raging in its ranks. I could not advance, and my retreat must have been through a

hostile country, as the Italian peasants east of Milan were strongly for the Austrians. Fortunately for myself and the shattered Italian army, I obtained the Peace of Villafranca ; but Cavour, who is no soldier, and either did not or would not comprehend the situation, was furious, and declared that the Piedmontese Government, as I had not fulfilled my covenant by conquering Venetia, was not bound to pay the expenses of the war. It was impossible for me to return to Paris with a loss of 50,000 of my soldiers, and ask the French to pay £30,000,000, without any equivalent. There would have been one in the glory and political and national influence of my victories, if Piedmont paid the cost ; but as that was refused, I was obliged to take the material compensation of annexing Savoy, which might be considered by France to be worth the price of her men and her money.' ”

It is hardly possible to overrate the importance of these words taken from the Emperor's mouth.

By the year 1861 Lord Malmesbury had fully adopted the view of Louis Napoleon which had been the cause of the volunteer movement and of all the chattering and fluttering of those years in England. “ I found him much prejudiced against the whole Tory party. I think the party he would like to see governing England are the Radicals.” He entered into the whole question of Italy, and confessed that he was now much perplexed what to do about Rome. “ He evidently,” adds Lord Malmesbury, “ would like to throw over the Pope, but fears the Church party.”

Lord Malmesbury's next conference with the Emperor was at the magnificent château which he had given to his faithful Persigny. It referred to Napoleon's wish to recognize the Confederate States—a wish which has always been attributed to his design of breaking up the American power, but which seems to have sprung from a genuine horror of the war. His plan was to propose an armistice for six months. He thought that if the combatants could be muzzled for that period, they would not begin again. At this time Napoleon was deep in

his "Life of Cæsar," and it seems that clever people were apt to find silver vases on the site of Cæsar's camps in Gaul. One officer got three promotions from this apostle of Cæsarism for successive finds of this sort. On the same occasion Morny, Persigny, Pietri, and Lord Malmesbury took the liberty of laughing at the Emperor for his dealings with Home and Spiritualism. "He looked displeased, saying that if we could explain all we believed, our religion would be a very easy task."

Four years later, Napoleon's chronic misery of mind was increased by the news of Lincoln's murder. Hitherto he had disbelieved in the pistol, though he feared the dagger. By the time of the *plébiscite* of 1870 his health had greatly failed. Lord Malmesbury found his old friend looking very ill. "He received me with his usual kindness, and made me sit by the Empress at dinner, where I had the advantage of admiring her beautiful shoulders. After dinner the Emperor invited the men to the smoking-room, where he took me aside, and I had a remarkable conversation with him. Naturally I began by congratulating him on his *plébiscite*, but I found that he was not satisfied as some fifty thousand of the army had voted '*Non*.' He, however, explained that this had taken place in certain special barracks, and that 300,000 soldiers had voted for him. This immediately struck me as strange, for I imagined his army was in numbers 600,000, and I made the remark, to which he gave no reply, but looked suddenly very grave and absent." Two months after this the cloud of war burst upon France—a war intended by Bismarck, but decided by the Empress and Marshal Le Bœuf.

The English Minister and the man he had known as a boy in his mother's house in Rome met next at Chislehurst. "I must have shown, for I could not conceal, what I felt, as, again shaking my hand, he said—'*A la guerre comme à la guerre. C'est bien bon de venir me voir*.' In a quiet, natural way he

praised the kindness of the Germans at Wilhelmshöhe ; nor did a single complaint escape him during our conversation." He said he had been *trompé* as to the force and preparation of his army, but without mentioning names ; nor did he abuse any one until his visitor mentioned General Trochu, who deserted the Empress, and gave Paris up to the mob, when the Emperor remarked—" *Ah, voilà un drôle.*" When Lord Malmesbury saw the exile again in 1872, he found him "much more depressed at the destruction of Paris, and at the anarchy prevailing over France, than at his own misfortunes ; and that the Communists should have committed such horrors in the presence of their enemies, the Prussian armies, appeared to him the very acme of humiliation, and of national infamy."

With this note of noble sorrow closes this fragmentary record of a life which had had twenty years of ignoble pleasure. "*Tout de même, nous nous sommes diablement amusés.*" It was not he who spoke this word when the Empire was in the dust. To him the pleasure had brought no happiness, and the sorrow and loneliness of that historic life are the best things to remember over the English grave of the last Emperor of the French.

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.

The Mystery of Drerewater.

I.

WELL, my dear Colonel," said Dr. Leslie with his half melancholy smile, "you have brought me an odd journey at this time of night. Snow falling, wind in my teeth, and the very air wild with Christmas bells jingling and jangling all round the country. And the only excuse for shaking me out of my quiet sleep is that you can't wake Charlie out of his. As if ever one did wake a boy before he chose to wake himself! But let me see the patient."

"Ah, Doctor, you mean to comfort me with your jesting," said Colonel Lascelles, as he led the way along the southern corridor. "God grant it may turn out a natural sleep. Mr. Crawford thought I must send for you. He has done his best; but the boy is lying still as death with eyes wide open. So he was found at nine o'clock this morning; and it is now past midnight. How long he had been in that way I cannot tell."

They entered the boy's room, and saw him stretched motionless on the bed. Dr. Leslie cast a keen glance at the death-pale face; and without a word took up the hand that lay helpless on the counterpane. He shook his head; no pulse was beating in that wrist. He applied his stethoscope to the heart. No sign of vitality there: the heart was silent, silent as it is in the grave when its work is over. A shade of anxiety mingled with intense interest was visible in Leslie's face. Taking a wax-light from the table, he bent down and held it close to the boy's eyes. They were staring open, great dark eyes that sparkled on the slightest provocation with life and eagerness, as was natural in a youth of seventeen. But now they gazed,

if gazing it could be called, upon the flame, as steadily as if it were across the room, not close enough to burn the eyelashes. Were they the eyes of a corpse?

"Did I not tell you so?" whispered the Colonel, "no pulse, no beating of the heart, no sight in the eyes; and a feather would not stir before his lips. What has come to him?"

"Catalepsy," said the Doctor to himself, "and a beautiful case: I never saw anything more accurate. Take heart," he continued, resuming a more natural tone, "I believe Charlie won't hurt. It is suspended animation, as Mr. Crawford has told you, which leaves very little trace, unless the patient has been,—ahem!—*sus. per coll.*, as they say in the genealogies." An unfeeling remark delivered somehow in a feeling tone that made the Colonel's eyes moisten. Dr. Leslie went on:

"All he needs is watching. Send your people to bed. I will make myself at home in this great arm-chair and read pictures in the fire, or listen to the wind howling round Drerewater. If Charlie does not rouse in the morning, we will take strong measures. Go, my dear, dear Colonel. When Charlie comes to himself I will send for Mr. Crawford," meaning the other medical man who had been summoned earlier.

The Colonel was hardly to be persuaded; and when at last he went it was only to fling himself on his bed and hear the churches pealing loud or faint as the wind blew the sound of them across the moor. Leslie, meanwhile, sat by the fire deep in thought. What was going on in that sleeping brain, so near and so impenetrable? Its thin walls might have been of adamant; there was no breaking through them. He meditated afresh on what he knew of Charlie. A tall boy for his age, inheriting a susceptible but not frail constitution on the mother's side, fond of cricket, shooting, and riding, but thoughtful too, and given to solitude occasionally. He glanced at the books on the table, a medley dictated by certain examinations in the future. "Hum," said Leslie, "here is a sort of training that

will make genius and insanity first cousins once removed. The boy has been attempting a man's work."

He turned to the fire again. An hour or more slipped away. When next he heard the clock strike, the wind was hushed, and deep silence reigned through the house. He had fallen into a train of thought that took him many years back and to another country. Suddenly, as if in response to his musings, a voice made itself heard in the room. He started up in amaze. The boy's lips were moving.

"No," said the voice that came through them, a clear monotonous voice, "you have not seen him since he went to India. But you will soon."

"Him," cried Leslie, "of whom are you talking?" He forgot that the boy was not awake. "Of Herbert Malison," said the voice. At the sound of that name in the stillness Leslie sprang up, and moved with a kind of terror to the bedside. He was amazed beyond expression. Certainly he had been thinking of Herbert Malison; why, he could not have said. But who besides himself was acquainted with the name, or knew its story? He was now looking into the sleeper's eyes; they were vacant as ever, but the lips began to articulate as if repeating a message given to them.

"Dr. Leslie," they said, "you will see your friend before day-break. He is driving across the moor. He will be at Fernleigh when you arrive. Go and persuade him to quit your hearth. He brings evil with him. Go at once. There is no reason to delay. In three hours I shall wake again."

Silence succeeded the dreadful voice. Leslie was a man of strong nerve, but he felt himself shaking from head to foot, and as he happened to look in the glass the face he saw there was horribly white. Had his young friend, Charlie Lascelles, spoken thus? Was his the voice that had hinted a knowledge of dark things? But whence, how, by what accident obtained? Was he dreaming himself? Had he fallen asleep over the fire and

mingled in his dream past and present ? Herbert Malison ! The man had vanished thirty years ago, was last heard of in Madras, and made no sign to friend or foe. Dead, most likely. But the voice said he was *not* dead, was near at hand, was even now at Leslie's door. "The voice, what voice ?" he repeated angrily. He was ashamed as a scientific man to have been so deluded. All at once he said to himself, "Let me try the experiment. If I go and find no one,—of course I shall find no one,—here is a good instance of hallucination for the *Medical Argus*. I am sure I heard the voice ; it continued even when I had moved from my chair. If, on the other hand, I do meet Malison, it will be a hard nut for the theory of probabilities."

He looked towards the bed once more. All was quiet there. He went down stairs, begged Mr. Crawford to take his place by Charlie, and added that he must ride home. He should return as early as possible. The storm was over ; and as he passed by the windows in the corridor he saw a great moon hanging in the blue, and the snow glittering under its rays. He knew the ways of the house, and in not many minutes he was riding silently out of Drerewater.

II.

IT was a strangely beautiful night. The winds were at rest ; and the moon looked down out of an untroubled heaven upon the snow fairyland into which a week of Christmas weather, out of the olden time, had transformed wold and heath, wooden hollows and sheltered farmsteads. As Leslie came upon the stone bridge that led out of Drerewater, he could not but pause a moment before the weird and fascinating scene ; the waters of the wide moat were frozen beneath him, they glittered like a dim-coloured snake in whose folds the house had been completely entangled. The trees that were bare of leaves showed an exquisite tracery of new-fallen snow ; the evergreens were wreathed in the same lovely

decoration ; and farm-buildings and cottages displayed a grace and quaintness which with the skill of a careful drawing was brought out in every line, angle, and irregularity of which they could boast. The winter landscape lay before the traveller as clear as glass, serenely transparent, whilst on the far horizon a shining mist gave it the charm of infinitude, the promise of beauty yet unrevealed. Leslie was a genial man ; he had a touch of the poet in him, and the night, or rather morning as the hour declared it, kindled his fancy. Riding quickly along, he saw his college days at Heidelberg as if they were present ; his ramblings about Rhine and Neckar with Herbert Malison ; his evenings in many an old Inn and legend-haunted Schloss ; and everywhere Malison, with his commanding air and passionate, persuasive tones was the central figure until all else faded, and the eyes and brow seemed to rise out of the night, a world of meaning in them. What an enigma the man was ! Silent in society, endlessly frank with his comrade ; yet his candour did but reveal the deep within which could not be fathomed. Knowledge was the God of his idolatry ; but he disdained the common paths and laughed at formulas. He threw himself into forgotten studies, went back to the old schools of medical and metaphysical lore, gave ear to crazy legends, experimented in dreams, necromancy, black and white magic, and sought at all risks to learn the Great Secret. Had he committed crime as well ? More than one story of dreadful import was whispered of him. Leslie had locked these things in his breast ; but to-night the door was opening again, and as in a dark chamber he saw the last tragedy in which Malison had taken part. An impoverished physician of Mannheim was intimate with him ; an erudite man and the owner of precious manuscripts. He was seized with illness, and Malison attended him ; the illness turned to insanity and ended in a painless death. There was nothing in that to give rise to suspicion ; but shortly after Malison disappeared, and the manuscripts could not be found. True, no

case was made out against him ; another physician had read the papers, and pronounced them to be worthless dissertations, in the style of the alchemists, on Seneca's *Quæstiones Naturales*. And Malison then wrote in course of time from Madras, saying that he was tired of Western philosophies and should make the East his home. The last gleam upon a mysterious character and a curious story. Was a fresh act about to open ?

As Leslie uttered this question aloud, he came to Fernleigh. "By all that is strange," he said, "some one has arrived. There are lights in the dining-room." He rang the bell violently ; and his housekeeper appeared on the threshold with a lamp in her hand. Yes, a gentleman had come, with his servant, from London. The name was French or Spanish, and the gentleman was now taking some refreshment. So far, the prophecy had come true.

As soon as he had seen to his horse, Leslie entered the dining-room. The stranger came forward—a tall, stately man, bronzed and handsome, with dark hair and full piercing eyes. Not Malison ! In height the men were similar, and the eyes were not unlike ; but Malison had been remarkably fair, and even the Eastern sun could hardly have changed him to such a degree.

In a musical voice the unknown announced himself as M. le Comte de Feyrac, handing Leslie at the same time a letter, which he recognized as from a distinguished patient of his, Lord Milburn. He ran his eye over it, and learned that M. de Feyrac had made a scientific expedition with his friend in the Eastern Archipelago, that he was an indefatigable student of Nature, and now intent on certain physiological problems in which he sought Leslie's aid. He was also, unfortunately, an invalid.

When Leslie looked up from the paper, his unexpected guest apologized for coming at such an hour ; his servant had mistaken the trains, and, indeed, though he spoke English a little himself, he was as new to the country, he said, as the Indian that attended him. Leslie answered what was requisite ; and,

since he could not return to Drerewater until his horse was rested, sat down and asked a question or two about Southern Asia. He became speedily interested. M. de Feyrac spoke well, with ease and lucidity; and his knowledge of those remote countries was abundant—nay, astonishing. The sky, the air, the sea, the geological formations, the fauna and flora, he had noted all. He chose ever the right word and the scientific metaphor, until the barest fact dazzled like a jewel, exalted like poetry. Leslie felt that he was in the presence of extraordinary genius.

The conversation turned to Leslie's favourite topic, What is Life? The physician held that it was mechanism; the brain was the man, and what is the brain but a refinement of matter? M. de Feyrac smiled; but, instead of replying, asked whether he had any interesting patient on his list.

Leslie, after some hesitation, related in general terms the case he was attending; he could not bring himself to tell the strangest part of the story.

M. de Feyrac listened with great earnestness, and said at the end—

"I am aware your science can do but little here. In Asia I have brought many out of the trance-condition, using a simple medicament I learnt from a Hindu professor of your art. Doubtless you would not employ it without previous testing, which I could scarcely allow. But may I see your patient? These cases are worth studying."

Leslie consented, and they were by-and-by driving to Drerewater. It was a right Christmas morning—the sky clear, the air biting, the roads hard, and the snow swept into field and hedge by the long-continued storm-wind of the evening before. Leslie was so engrossed by the Count's eloquence that he hardly remembered he was holding the reins; and at the first cross-road he turned the horse's head to the left.

"To the right, is it not?" said M. de Feyrac, quietly.

"To the right, of course," answered Leslie, rousing himself, and giving the rein a tug. "What can I have been thinking of? But," he added, with a perplexed look, "how did you know? I thought you were a stranger in England?"

"So I am," said the Count; "but one sometimes has a notion. Besides, your horse was of the same opinion."

Leslie laughed.

They drove on, and as each turn brought them to a fresh view of the landscape, and unrolled, so to speak, another sheet of the panorama, it was remarkable how the Count's eyes lit up with satisfaction. He might have been comparing it with a mental photograph, recording the correspondence between the outward and the inward vision. He looked like a man intoxicated with knowledge; and when they came in sight of the gloomy colossal pile of Drerewater, he leaned eagerly forward, scanned the tower, the gateway, and the wings stretching north and south, with manifest exultation; so that Leslie became once more uneasy, and was on the point of asking him whether he had any association with the place. But ere they reached the bridge, Colonel Lascelles was seen advancing towards them, another kind of happiness in his looks. He had the best of news. Charlie had come round, and was now awaiting his friend the doctor.

"The hour?" said Leslie, in a quick tone; "when was it he awoke?"

"Exactly as the chimes rang out seven," replied the Colonel.

Here was another point fulfilled! But M. de Feyrac was not Malison.

While the glad father was telling the story, the Count, whom he had not observed, kept a steady gaze on him—so piercing, indeed, that it drew the Colonel's in return; and for an instant the men looked one another full in the face.

Leslie introduced them; but when he was giving the Count's

name, Colonel Lascelles, retreating a step, said in a husky undertone—

“You have lived in India—in what part?”

“In all parts,” answered the stranger, easily; “I am at home anywhere between the sea and the Himalayas.”

“Have you ever,” said the Colonel, visibly controlling some powerful emotion, “been near Kalipur?”

M. de Feyrac’s lip quivered ever so slightly, as he replied after a moment’s pause, “Kalipur, fifty miles from the borders of Nepaul? I have visited the shrine of Kali, but I met no Europeans there.”

“No,” said the Colonel. “I did not mean the city itself—abominable place. I meant—pardon me—something in your features reminded me of an adventure in the jungle not far from there. A mere fancy. I will tell you about it later, if,” turning to Leslie, “your friend will honour me with his company to-day, as you are to do.”

It was quickly arranged. M. de Feyrac, with another searching glance at his host, said—

“Yes, heartily;” and the three made their way to the drawing-room.

A pleasant group was assembled there, Charlie resting in a great armchair while Mr. Crawford persuaded him to take a little more of the light refecton permitted him, and his sister Edith, a beautiful child of ten or eleven, standing with her hand on his shoulder, looking on affectionate and anxious. She was only his half-sister; but they were much alike in countenance and disposition; and the pretty mockeries from which, in spite of last night, they could not refrain, told that they were fond of one another and seldom apart. When the door opened they became silent for a moment. Leslie and the Count had many questions to ask of Charlie, which they did with the delicate skill of science. But he remembered nothing. He had fallen asleep and the next minute he seemed to be awake again. Who had come into his room he did not know.

"Do you remember saying anything to me?" said Leslie.

"Did I?" answered Charlie, "you must tell me what it is. I don't know."

"Oh," said Leslie, "I daresay it was mere rambling; you may have been practising a little second sight, as you were in condition for it. But now, you shall talk no more, not even to Edie, who, I suppose, should be on her way to Mass."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "and I must drive to Church, and return thanks were thanks are due."

For Edith's mother, the Colonel's second wife, had been a Catholic, and brought up the child in her own religion. But Charlie and his father were of the Church of England. So every Sunday Edith was taken to St. Raphael's, and had a fast friend in Mgr. della Creta, the old Italian priest.

Nothing is so inexplicable as the influence of certain men. M. de Feyrac in a few hours had subdued as if by magnetic attraction the whole house of Drerewater to his control. Edith alone, in a measure, withstood the tyranny of his voice and manner. But Charlie, like the unsophisticated boy that he was, had no amulet against these witcheries; with evident and growing delight he saw the Count near him, listened to his stories, and made him promise he would entertain them after dinner with the wonderful conjuring he had learnt in the East. The Colonel, as he saw the returning glow on Charlie's pale features, felt a father's gratitude to the strange but apt physician. And evening drew on apace.

III.

OUTSIDE the snow was falling fast again; but within the great dining hall was lit up, the tables shone with massive old plate and curious glass in all the hues of Venice and its fantastic designs; and the folds of crimson drapery, the blaze of a huge fire of logs on the wide hearth, the golden picture-frames gleaming in its brightness, the painted canvas filling the walls

with a crowd of beauteous, and, as it seemed, of breathing figures out of the past—all this, though often beheld, made Christmas a wonder and a welcome guest. Nor were the simple northern festal-hangings, smooth ivy leaves and holly with its fire-dipped fruit, forgotten. It was not a large company, except for the servants of the house, dining to-day with their master. Another guest had arrived, Mgr. della Creta. He looked a contrast in many things to the French Asiatic Count, being a man perhaps of seventy, of middle height, with wrinkled forehead, and clear eyes looking out under their white eyebrows; affectionate in manner, and believing his creed as naturally as he drew breath; enthusiastic about Etruscan vases and coins of the Empire. He seldom remarked on what others said, but listened acutely. As so often happens when a soldier becomes acquainted with a priest, the Colonel had implicit trust in him.

When time came for dessert, M. de Feyrac rose and disappeared through the heavy velvet curtains that stretched across the farther end of the hall. Very soon these drew to either side; folding doors were thrown open; and a second hall as brilliantly lighted was disclosed, with a vast stage taking up more than half its dimensions. It was the theatre; and the long shining vista drew a cry of delight from the company. The Count, meanwhile, had ascended the stage, and was seen near the foot-lights, a tripod at his right hand sustaining a lamp which he was kindling with a rod apparently of crystal and emitting a clear radiance at the further end like a star. After a moment of suspense and absolute silence, the lamp gave out a faint shimmer like a fire seen through water; then a flame sprang up, violet and crimson, and an odour as of orange-flowers crept over the hall. A slight, almost imperceptible film of cloud floated from the stage, and in waves ever thinning passed along over the heads of the audience and was seen no more. Deep quiet now filled the place; every one was so

interested and expectant that a leaf rustling would have seemed over-loud ; and in another second the company must have broken the spell or fallen asleep, when from an immense distance the strains of an orchestra broke upon the ear, and every sense was agape to know what it might mean. The Count stood immovable, listening. The music drew nearer ; it became loud and clear ; and the windows shook to the splendid blare of trumpets and roll of drums ; an army with martial clangour and commotion seemed marching past. But, again, as the excited audience rose to their feet, it died away in harmonious throbbings, and whether there was a sound, or only its reminiscence, it was hard to tell. Once more they seated themselves, and once more it burst forth, like horns echoing through an enchanted forest. The air grew full of melody, and from the sides and background of the stage a pageant—were they shadows, were they real ?—of ladies and huntsmen attired in mediæval blazonries unfolded itself, in the midst an enormous stag whose tall and branching antlers shone like silver. The dash of cymbals was heard ; and the pageant, distinct in its gorgeous beauty, rested while a pendulum might slowly mount and descend. Then, as if a cloud, as if the air received them, the figures vanished, and the music that had wrapt them in its harmonies, softly ceased.

Murmurs of astonishment rose mingled with fear ; the bolder spirits applauded. This was only the first of a succession of living pictures that this extraordinary man called up to the stage. He filled it with groups of dancers springing up like foam on the waves and as quickly vanishing ; with solemn pomps of Oriental worship—priests bearing their idol-deities, and crowds of adorers falling prostrate before them ; with visions of temples, cities, monuments from the depths of the East ; with forests that bloomed in an instant and were swallowed up in wide sheets of water sparkling in the light and breaking into showers of sapphire. And, whenever he would,

the music lent an ethereal charm to the beauty thus made visible. At last, when minds and imaginations were kindled to the height, he raised his voice, and cried that he would let them touch and handle even as they had seen. Holding out his left hand, he laid on it what those nearest affirmed to be a small dark thing looking like a seed. He closed his fingers, and for a space stood motionless; but on opening his hand and turning it to the light, a tiny green blade was growing from the seed, growing so fast before their eyes that it had soon become a stalk with leaves arising out of it. He held up an empty porcelain jar, and laid the fresh grown plant within it; but no sooner had it disappeared, than, as if the vegetative energy of months was put forth in a moment, leafy branches bearing blossom and fruit, broke out over the edge of the vase and hung down on every side, hiding it from view in their luxuriant twining. M. de Feyrac came down from the stage and laid his plant on the table before Col. Lascelles. A beautiful thing it was, tall, and with large white blossoms like a camelia, the fruit golden and purple berries clustering like those of the mountain-ash, but infinitely more glorious in colour. Some ventured to come near and touch it, but most were afraid of the mysterious apparition.

Then the Count, breaking off an exquisite branch, gave it to Charlie, saying—

“Keep this to remind you that magic is not an idle name.”

Charlie hesitated. He seemed lost in wonder, and a dreamy look came over him. With an effort, in which his kind nature struggled against some foreboding of trouble, he said—

“I do not understand, but I will keep your present, if I may.”

He sought his father's eye. But M. de Feyrac said—

“Of course you may. The plant will grow no more, but it will not wither until the spring. And I will give your sister a branch.”

Edith answered, half pettishly—

"Give it to the altar at St. Raphael's, not to me."

Which seemed to anger the Count and made Mgr. della Creta smile.

The priest said to his host—

"Is this natural, think you?"

"Natural," broke in Leslie, "how otherwise? There is no more truth in magic than in miracles."

The Colonel frowned.

"Doctor," he said, "I believe in miracles. Magic is another thing. How the music and the phantoms were contrived, I do not know. This device of the mango tree, as we used to call it, I have seen before, though never so charmingly shown. Yes, Charlie, keep M. le Comte's flowers. And now go to rest."

When children and servants were gone, the elders drew round the Yule fire which was still blazing, and a curious and animated discussion ensued between Leslie and the priest, each explaining the events of the evening from his own point of view. The Count was attentive, but said little; whether an adept in sleight of hand, or leagued with the Prince of Darkness, he kept his own counsel. Leslie, at first sceptical, then yielding a little to evidence, began to enlarge on "Nature's infinite book of secrecy," in which there might be pages deciphered by only a few. Perhaps, after all, there were occult powers, and higher forms of electricity which might be combined into fresh and peculiar functions of the brain.

"Enough," said Mgr. della Creta; "whether in the sphere of nature or beyond it, they are powers which it is dangerous for man to wield. They are on too vast a scale, and would task superhuman goodness to control them. Be assured that to covet them is evil, to possess them mischievous to body and soul. We must hope," he added smiling, "that M. le Comte has taken us in."

That, however, was not the conclusion suggested by his previous arguments.

"You remind me, Monsignor," said the Colonel, "of the story I promised M. de Feyrac this morning. It bears somewhat on your very reasonable distrust of too much knowledge, and will serve to excuse the apparent rudeness of my behaviour when Leslie brought us so pleasant an addition to our Christmas party. I cannot quite explain it even now ; but no matter. Strange that an imaginary trait of resemblance in the Count should have recalled it so vividly."

IV.

"FIVE and twenty years ago," the Colonel went on, looking gravely in the fire, "I was in command of a district which included the sacred city of Kalipur. My men were nearly all Sepoys ; of Europeans I had only a handful ; and my nearest English neighbours were a hundred miles away. That is common in India ; but I had a hateful task in the government of Kalipur,—a city, I may truly say, given over to the devil. It was the immemorial shrine of the murder-goddess Kali or Durgá, a female incarnation of the principle of death, and worshipped during ages with human sacrifice. This, however, was carried out in a peculiar fashion. Openly to shed blood on her altar was, of course, since the English conquered India, forbidden ; and the religion of this devouring monster, whose hideous portraiture, adorned with a necklace of skulls, you have perhaps come across in studies of the Hindu Pantheon, took a form which is common beyond belief among Orientals. It became a secret religious order with signs, passwords, and all the jargon of Freemasonry ; and it is said to be joined by initiation or affiliation with older societies dating back thousands of years. It holds a secret doctrine, the Tantra, of which little is known. The members travel in twos or threes, and are bound to sacrifice a certain number of victims every year to Kali. They are, in short, devotees of murder. The usual mode of sacrifice is by strangling ; and you may fancy in what a network of

deceit the victim has been entangled ere the cord is tightened round his throat, for he is almost always an unsuspecting traveller beguiled by these miscreants. At due intervals the worshipper makes a pilgrimage to his goddess at Kalipur. This was my difficulty. I had to protect the temple ; and month after month the streets swarmed with murderers whom I could not arrest. Some were men of high position, learned, and grave, as devout as the old witchfinders of whom Cotton Mather tells. At length my attention was drawn,—but you look tired, M. le Comte,” said the Colonel, breaking off. M. de Feyrac was indeed lost in reverie, as it seemed, but he shook off his abstraction, if such it was, and said—

“Not at all, I am listening intently ; pray continue.”

“My attention was drawn,” resumed the Colonel, “by a stranger of distinguished appearance—a high-cast Brahmin—whose visits to the shrine were frequent, and whose devotion seemed ecstatic. His features impressed themselves on my memory, and his visits began to give me unquiet thoughts ; for I observed that he came on five or six occasions either before or after a great outbreak of Thuggism in some part of India. I had him watched, and found that he was in correspondence with other pilgrims to the shrine ; and, at last, a very keen Mohammedan servant of mine informed me that he had come upon a meeting of the order in a half-ruined and wholly deserted temple, about which the jungle had grown up, some ten miles from Kalipur. I laid my plans. On a certain dark night I was within a hundred yards of the temple with a detachment of native troops and my few British soldiers, when the spirit of adventure seizing upon me (for I was not the grey-haired old man I am now), I determined to reconnoitre for myself, and see what was going on within the ruins. I succeeded in getting near. On my hands and knees I began to creep through a rent in the brickwork, and the light smote on my eyes, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon me, and a handkerchief flung round my throat.

"My captor, a powerful man, contrived to throw me backwards, and, kneeling deliberately on my chest, brought his face near to mine. Almost strangled, and expecting instant death, I looked up, and recognized in the face bending over me the Brahmin of Kalipur. The eyes of a drowning man, it is said, take in his past life as a flash; and that face—I should know it among a thousand! But what was my amaze when the murderer whispered close to my ear in perfect English—

"‘Your blood be on your head. Why did you come hither? The purpose of our society it is beyond you to imagine. It is not murder—it is, I tell you, knowledge.’ He went on slowly: ‘Give me your word of honour that we shall be no more molested, and you depart a living man.’

"He loosened the handkerchief a little. You may imagine my answer, which was not capitulation, but still, like his words, in a whisper, for to cry out was certain death. He tightened his grasp again, and I should never have escaped to tell the tale, had not certain of my Sepoys, following a young officer, come scrambling at that moment through the débris to where I lay. The Brahmin, at the sight of them, fled; the crew inside scattered in a moment, and all we found on searching the temple high and low was, to my amaze, a Latin manuscript full of medical terms which I could not construe, with a name scribbled in pencil at the bottom of one of the pages. The name was Herbert Malison."

"Herbert Malison!" exclaimed Leslie. "Good heaven! you cannot mean it. Why did you never tell me this before?"

The Colonel looked at him in blank surprise.

"Tell you before, Leslie! I did not think it could interest you. Do you know that name?"

"I should think I do," cried Leslie; "he was my most intimate friend at Heidelberg. But go on—pray go on. Did you come upon his track afterwards?"

"Never," said the Colonel ; "but I made an end of his gang. I never rested till they were rooted out of the district of Kalipur, and during the last six months of my stay there the shrine was deserted. But neither I nor any one else encountered the Brahmin. My health broke down. I returned to England, and I had as good as forgotten the story, when this morning, a touch of something in your friend's features gave me such an impression that I could have fancied I was lying on the ground again, with the deadly handkerchief strangling me, and the cold eyes looking into mine. As I say, there is no accounting for reminiscences."

"And the book?" said Leslie eagerly. "What did you do with it?"

"Oh, I have it still upstairs. Should you care to see it?" said the Colonel, rising as he spoke.

"By all means," answered Leslie ; "but mark what I say. I am going to prophesy. It is ten thousand to one that the book is a commentary on Seneca. Is it not?"

The Colonel, who had almost reached the door, turned back, in a kind of wonder. "You are quite right," he said ; "I made out that much myself, though the rest was hieroglyphics. Truly, you are a prophet. Let me fetch the book, and you shall explain how you know about it."

"What a romantic story!" said M. de Feyrac, as the Colonel went away. "I little thought that my travel-stained features were so terrible. It must be the Indian sun that makes us all alike."

"Well," said Mgr. della Creta, "the story has a more severe moral than I should have ventured upon ; for it teaches that magic if it be knowledge on one side of the medal, is on the obverse, crime."

"But why magic?" objected Leslie. "Do you suppose the knowledge spoken of was that?"

"To be sure," said the priest, "all secret knowledge must

begin or end in magic. And, as M. le Comte has proved this evening, India is its home."

The Count laughed in his gentle way. "I have heard," he said, "that in the pursuit of science life should be disregarded. Perhaps magic and science are two names for one thing."

The Colonel came back hastily. "I cannot find the book," he said in a perplexed tone, "it is not where I usually keep it. I must have mislaid it, though I cannot remember touching it this twelvemonth. To-morrow we will search again. Meanwhile, tell us your chapter of this inexplicable story, Doctor. Where did you know this Malison?"

Leslie related what he knew and what had been rumoured. If he painted the deep shades in the picture, he did not leave out the lights; and Herbert Malison appeared in it as a mighty genius, not cruel nor otherwise monstrous except as his passion for knowledge had swallowed up all other passions, and even the elementary feelings of our nature. In that indeed he was abnormal and a dangerous being; for to feel no pain is the first requisite for inflicting it. Was he superhuman? Then why not inhuman?

"Speak no more of him," said the Colonel, as if moved to anger and even loathing as the Doctor went on; "a story like this, and at this hour, is almost an evocation of such monsters whether living or dead. I could imagine him in the house at this moment. But we will commit ourselves to the keeping of the Infinite Goodness, and leave Herbert Malison to his fate. An evil and bitter fate it will be or has been. Good-night, gentlemen."

V.

NEXT morning the other guests took their leave, while Leslie and the Count stayed, by Colonel Lascelles' request, to make the proposed experiments in physiology at Drerewater, for the Colonel took a deep interest in science. The MS. of Seneca was not found; but, as if by tacit consent, no more was said of

Herbert Malison. It was thought, perhaps, an unpleasant subject. A few days passed, and Charlie's attachment to the Count became ever more marked, until his father could not help noticing how very peculiar it was. Charlie had grown quite well again ; but he seemed uneasy when the Count was absent, and silent and afraid in his presence. He did not ask M. de Feyrac any more questions ; but when the Colonel and his visitor went out together, he would follow them at a distance dreamily. Edith, on the other hand, began to dislike their guest, and to wish he was gone ; and she laughed at her brother, saying to him one day,

"Why, Charlie, I shall call you the French gentleman's pointer, if you are always at his heels."

But Charlie neither smiled nor grew angry ; he only said,

"I can't help it ; I seem to want him to tell me something, and I always think he is going to say it."

Another time when he and M. de Feyrac had been in the grounds together, he came out of breath to his father and said that the Count had offered to mesmerize him ; and that he had been about to consent from curiosity when it occurred to him that he must ask his father's leave. Whereupon the Count seemed vexed, and told him he would never be cured of his fits except by magnetism. The Colonel was astonished and very angry ; and, after requiring a solemn promise from Charlie that he would submit to no such thing, he with much courtesy and firmness demanded an explanation at the hands of the Count. It was not satisfactory. M. de Feyrac talked of science, and dwelt on the peril to Charlie if he were not secured against his disease. But to the Colonel this seemed an exchange of one disease for another ; he had no faith in mesmerism, and he could not understand how so polished a gentleman could have laid himself open to an evident breach of good-manners in not consulting his host on this delicate point. The boy, therefore, was not mesmerized, and his dog-like fidelity to the Count was

varied with moods of defiance. The state of things became uncomfortable. Though they did not confess it, all at Drerewater felt as if disaster was coming; the air grew full of electricity and disturbance. At night, vague unusual sounds were heard, or seemed to be heard, in the corridors, and everyone looked in his neighbour's face as though a secret which none must tell lay heavy at their hearts. Once or twice Mgr. della Creta called. He was too shrewd not to observe the change; and, without appearing to ask questions, drew Colonel Lascelles one day to tell him of the proposed mesmerism. He made no remark, but went away thoughtful. At length a flash came out of the sky, and the thunder followed it in this wise.

It was the last night of the year. Bells had been chiming their "old year out, new year in," with endless variations on the theme; and, after a busy day, the household had retired to rest. Charlie had gone to bed early; and the Colonel was sleeping in his own room, which was situate on a lower storey and in a different wing from his son's. A late-risen moon poured her cold still light through the apartment; when a dim feeling as though some one had called him woke the sleeper, and Colonel Lascelles found himself sitting up, his senses clear and attentive, and the conviction in his mind that something was about to happen. A slight sound drew his eyes to the furthest window. It was a French window, opening on a narrow balcony; and as he gazed, the glass doors slowly parted, a shadow fell on the floor, and a vaporous figure appeared in the moonlight and came into the room. The Colonel held his breath. The face was in shadow; but the height and outline left him not a moment doubtful. It was his son. The figure advanced almost to the foot of the bed, became fixed for a second in statue-like rigidity; then raising its right arm and pointing it towards the Colonel, showed clear in the moonlight. It held something half concealed in its hand. Colonel

Lascelles was the bravest of men, but surprise and horror held him motionless. The brief delay, not half a minute by the clock, seemed ages. Suddenly, a flash, a loud report, and the Colonel was lying bathed in blood, his left shoulder shot through. The figure, silently and slowly as it came, returned towards the window and disappeared.

But the unhappy father, though shattered in mind and body, was a determined man. He rose and dragged himself, bleeding as he was, to the balcony. It stretched the length of the window, and no more ; and it overhung the frozen moat. But when the Colonel came out upon it, there was no one to be seen ; the balcony was empty. He looked with agonized expectation over the balustrade, to the moat some fifty feet below ; but in the blaze of moonlight there was nowhere a creature visible nor had the ice given any sound of a body falling upon it. Something made him look up. There, high above him, on the very edge of the parapet that ran round the castle, he saw a white figure swiftly racing as if upon the level ground. Again he recognized his son. A feeling of sickness overcame him, and had he not instinctively laid hold of the balustrade he must have fallen over it. A second time he gathered himself together and looked up only to behold the fleeting white phantom come to the angle where the roofs joined, and disappear on the other side. It was moving along the outer wall of the house, doubtless with the purpose of entering Charlie's bedroom, the windows of which opened on the south. Reeling back into the chamber, Colonel Lascelles rushed to the door, and with heroic effort traversed the space from his own room to that of the sleep-walker. But ere he could arrive the perilous descent had been accomplished ; he found his poor boy kneeling by the bedside, fast asleep, his hands joined and tears streaming from his eyes. In vain every attempt to wake him ; and his father, now having only strength left to pull the bell-rope violently, fainted where he stood.

It was a frightful scene that met the eyes of Leslie and the Count, the first to come at the summons. Nor did the mystery lessen the horror of that scene. M. de Feyrac seemed agitated, but displayed so little compassion that the tender-hearted Leslie would have given way to his anger at such unnecessary stoicism, had he not been engaged in binding up the Colonel's wound and endeavouring to rouse Charlie. He was much perplexed. M. de Feyrac looked on ; did nothing, and uttered no syllable. The Colonel could not be moved from his son's apartment ; but it appeared that the wound, although grievous, need not prove fatal. In a few hours he was able to speak ; and the first request he made was for writing materials. A light or a suspicion had entered his mind ; he kept his eyes away from his son's bed but fixed them often and inquiringly on the Count, who sat watching him in silence. When the note, for such it turned out to be, was written, he directed that it should be at once conveyed to Mgr. della Creta. At mid-day the answer came, in the shape of Mgr. della Creta himself. Charlie lay still in trance, and the two guests were seated in the sick chamber. They heard some one arriving, and looked with curiosity towards the door as the footsteps of the visitor came nearer and nearer.

Imagine their surprise when, after a pause, the Italian priest entered, in stole and alb, bearing a crucifix in his hand. They watched him without a word. Edith, who followed Mgr. della Creta, set the crucifix on the table, as she was directed, and kindled the tapers about it. The priest himself sprinkled the room with holy water, then turning to the Count, said :

"I think it right to tell you why I am here. It is my conviction, and Colonel Lascelles shares it, that evil influences are at work in this house, troubling the happiness of all and imperilling the eternal salvation of this poor child, stretched in trance before us. I am permitted to deal with this matter as Holy Church prescribes. You are to witness an exorcism."

A violent altercation ensued. Leslie, a materialist, expressed his contempt for worn out superstitions which could do nothing but harm. But the Count became furious. His face darkened, his eyes darted fire ; and his words, hitherto so gentle, became outrageously loud, until Mgr. della Creta had to remind him that he stood in a sick chamber. Charlie's slumber, indeed, remained unbroken, and the priest held by his purpose. To all arguments he replied that the prayers of the Church, if an idle form, could hurt nobody ; and if endued with power, could not hurt the good. To M. de Feyrac he said, " You confess that your secret science is no more effective than Mr. Leslie's experimental knowledge. Suffer religion to bring consolation to the father, if it cannot heal the son." And he took up the ritual with a steady hand.

The quarrel (for it was no less) though brief had been violent. None, except perhaps M. le Comte, had observed the sudden change in the sky whilst they were disputing ; but even as the priest took up his book a flash of lightning filled the room and almost blinded them, and, the next moment, a storm of thunder shook the house at its four corners. It was a dry storm ; there fell no rain with it. The day grew so dark that the light of the tapers came out as in the night time ; in the room they could scarcely see one another's faces. The priest began to read. It is an awe-inspiring ritual that the Church has prescribed for exorcism ; and never did it sound more solemnly than now, as the words floated through the gloom and were broken by the rattling of the thunder. After psalm and gospel, the priest coming nearer to the bed, was about to ask the questions assigned him, when, with a great hoarse cry, a voice began to force itself through the sleeper's lips, and the air was filled with shrieking. Words came as if hurled out of the bosom and tearing the throat ; words so dreadful and unhallowed that the priest stopped his ears, and Colonel Lascelles, though no Catholic, turned an agonized gaze on the crucifix. They were words of mockery,

denial, malevolence, betokening deep knowledge and a mighty and perverse will. Sometimes they changed to a language unknown to the priest and the physician, which the father recognized as an obscure Indian dialect spoken far from the track of Europeans. For the most part they were like the utterances of a supremely gifted spirit whose wisdom delights in evil. To hear such words, though not understanding them, was to be stricken with fear. The storm raged outside Drerewater; and, within, the tempest of horrible super-human frenzy went on without pause or intermission, until it might seem that the bounds of the nether deeps were broken and confusion issuing thence were to make the listeners mad. Suddenly, with a wild cry, it ceased as it began. At the last word something was seen in the dark to issue from the boy's mouth and fly as on wings across the room, striking M. de Feyrac violently in the face. He fell to the ground; and Leslie, on endeavouring to raise him, found he was dead.

The same instant Charlie Lascelles opened his eyes, and sitting up in the bed, cried out, "I am healed, the enemy has left me." A great burst of sunshine flooded the room as he spoke, and dwelt like a halo about the boy's countenance. The storm had ceased; and Charlie rose up sound and happy. The disease never returned. What had happened in the trance he did not know, nor had any one the heart to tell him. The confused memory of dark thoughts and ineffectual struggles against them, was all that remained. His grief became intense on learning that whilst he lay unconscious his father too had been hovering between life and death. But the restoration of his son proved in no long time the Colonel's recovery also, and he did not die by the hand of his boy, as he had feared.

Two things came to light concerning M. de Feyrac; that he died from heart disease, and that the MS. of Seneca lay among his papers. A fragment or two of these gave rise to curious conjectures. On fine Oriental paper, a sketch, evidently many

months old, was found of Drerewater as it appeared in summer, and with many little peculiarities that winter would efface. Another sketch was with it of a sleeping youth, the features so like Charlie Lascelles' in trance (a look they had never assumed in health) that even Leslie was startled. Some other notes, which the Colonel with difficulty made out, were in the dialect of Kalipur. They concluded with the words, "Magic is the power of Will in Nature; and death holds the secret of Life. Among transcendent powers is that which to lower men seems murder, but which the wise have deemed the Great Instrument. By dreams and visions the man of victorious will acts where he is not; and the weaker will is subdued to his purposes. Siva, Kali, Brahma—many names, one Being, and one way to Him."

It was an odd circumstance that the branch of the wonderful magic tree given by M. de Feyrac to Charlie, was found lying on the boy's pillow that memorable day of the exorcism, no longer blooming but withered. How it came there no one could tell; for it had been set up on a flower-stand by the window, and had appeared to be in no wise changed the evening before. Charlie said, indeed, that his last recollection before falling asleep was of its powerful and mysterious odour, and that he seemed in a sort of waking dream to feel the blossoms pressed to his lips. But he knew not how that could be, for he was alone and the flower had not been moved from the window.

Of Herbert Malison no one heard more. Was he the same as M. de Feyrac? Leslie thought he was. Yielding at last to the suspicion that spirit has a pathway of its own, this hard-headed thinker put a strange meaning on the events he had witnessed. The Brahmin, he said, whom Colonel Lascelles had encountered in the temple ruins was no other than Malison and the Count de Feyrac. He had not forgotten to take vengeance; but a thousand accidents might have delayed it, eager as he was before all things in pursuit of secret lore. Suppose him,

by means of the mesmeric trance, to have seen Drerewater from afar and learnt the cataleptic tendencies of Charlie Lascelles ; what more natural than to have planned the mysterious crime he had almost effected ? If the Colonel had been fatally wounded and his son left to die in the magnetic sleep, had not that been a delectable sacrifice to Kali ?

"You are slow to believe," said Leslie to me not long ago, "that a Western civilized man could accept the beliefs and take up the practices of Hindu superstition. The time is at hand, nevertheless, when the East will once more bestow on Europe a wonder-working religion ; and Benares and Kalipur and Ellora will in those days be places of pilgrimage and sacred cities of an Orientalized world."

"Well," I answered, "who knows ? One comfort we may reckon upon ; that, in spite of her *parure* of skulls, your goddess Kali paints charming landscapes on air and may call up flowers for our delight from the invisible, which, in M. de Feyrac's significant phrase 'will not wither until the spring.' But your story has its unexplained coincidences and haphazards ; and the Mystery of Drerewater will, I think, in all likelihood remain a problem for the curious."

Leslie turned again to the mesmeric sketch of Charlie, which he had been showing me, and made no answer.

WILLIAM BARRY.

Reviews and Views.

MR. RUSKIN'S pronouncements, spoken and written during the last month, yield plenty of matter for discussion among his admirers. In his final lecture to his pupils for the term, at Oxford—a lecture which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has made the subject of another of its successful reports—the Professor began with an expression of the “disappointment and surprise which, on reviewing the results of my lecturing and working here for upwards of twelve years, I feel in being forced to the sorrowful confession that not a single pupil has learned the things I primarily endeavoured to teach, nor used of his own accord, so far as I know, in a single instance, the examples which I put before him as most admirable in my especial department of art landscape.”

How complete and numerous these examples are every one knows who has visited the Taylorian picture gallery or seen in the “Ruskin drawing-school” the insides of the cabinets filled with Mr. Ruskin's own drawings. “You may wonder,” continued Mr. Ruskin, “why the examples I have given you of landscape, in the school, are my drawings and not Turner's. But Turner's are of a finesse beyond what has ever else been attained, and for that reason not useful as working examples. But I am proud to think that these drawings of mine (several of which were exhibited at the lecture) done thirty years ago, at the foot of the Matterhorn, are entirely right as examples of mountain drawing, with absolutely correct outline of all that is useful for geological science or landscape art. And I am proud to think, too, that though at the time I did them I had never seen Turner's drawings, mine are on exactly the same plan as

his—that is to say, I always drew an absolutely right pencil outline before putting in any colour whatever. But though I have been preaching, crying, shrieking to you that this is the method of all true landscape painting, there is not one of you who sharpens his pencil point instead of seizing his biggest brush and going dab at the mountains with splotches of colour. And then in the gallery upstairs there is the unequalled collection of Turner drawings, which with some self-denial I gave you twenty years ago.”

Why was it, then, Mr. Ruskin returned to ask, that none of his examples in landscape had been used, none of his principles adopted? “I perhaps trusted too much to what I had before written on the subject of landscape; and in the first years of my professorship drew the attention of my pupils only to the higher conditions of pictorial imagination, which had been occupied in religion and ethics. As it has turned out, the religion of England being in its practical power extinct before her science, and the ethics of England extinct before her avarice, everything that I have written of the religious painting of Italy has been useless, until lately in the form of guide-books; while the value of the few words I spoke on landscape was still more hopelessly effaced by the vast irruption of sensual figure-study, patronized by the now all powerful Republican demi-monde of the French capital. Respecting the general relations and dignities of landscape and figure-painting, I purpose very earnestly and carefully to address you in a spring lecture. But with respect to the especial danger and corruption of existing schools of the figure, I must point out one or two chief facts for your immediate consideration. First, landscape, however feeble or fantastic, cannot be definitely immoral. It neither mocks what is venerable, nor recommends what is lascivious. But the sale of figure sketches or paintings by persons of inferior talent depends almost exclusively on its being addressed to the vanity,

the lust, or the idle malice of the classes of society developed by the corruption of large towns. Secondly, the idea of greater dignity, naturally attached to figure painting of higher pretension because it implies a strict course of previous academical study, entirely ignores the primary law of human education, that the more you teach a fool, the more manifold a fool you make him. Nothing is so melancholy, nothing so mischievous, as the academical imitations of the great men by the little ones, and the pompous display of laboriously artificial attainments by men of faculties inherently and natively contemptible. During the first half of this century the artists of England were divisible, almost without exception, into two classes: men of modesty, sense, and industry, who were forming a pure school of pathetic and meditative landscape, rising with the quiet flow of a mountain well out of the formality of the older 'views' of this and that; and men, on the other hand, of mean ambition, foolish sentiment, and vulgar breeding, who reduced the figure-painting of the Academy to the inanity from which it was only rescued by the splendid indignation of Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt—all of them, observe, introducing, if not as the basis, at least as an essential and integral part of their conception, a landscape elaborated to the last grass blade and flower petal."

On the actual difficulties of landscape, as compared with figure painting, the Professor said he would not touch, "but," he added, "I beg you to observe the requirement for it is of far greater industry. With an hour's work a good figure painter can produce a satisfactorily realistic image of the fairest human creature; set him to paint a heathy crag or a laurel coppice, and see what he will make of it, giving him an hour for every former minute, or sixty hours instead of one. Why then paint it with so much care, do you say, when the painting of the pretty lady is so much nicer? Well, my own answer to that would be, because the pretty lady herself is so much nicer than

the painting, and will always be there if you ask her, but the laurel coppice or the heather crag won't come for the asking: you must paint them or forget them. That in parenthesis. Returning to my main point, note that the painting of landscape requires not only more industry, but far greater delicacy of bodily sense and faculty than average figure painting. Any common sign painter can paint the landlord's likeness, and with a year or two's scraping of chalk at Kensington any cockney student can be got to draw, effectively enough for public taste, a straddling gladiator or a curly-pated Adonis. But to give the slightest resemblance to, or notion of, such a piece of mountain wildwood or falling stream as these in this little leap of the Tees of Turner's drawing, needs an eagle's keenness of eye, fineness of finger like a trained violinist's, and patience and love like Griselda's or Lady Jane Grey's." This point, Mr. Ruskin said, he had never enough reinforced; "and you all go rushing about the world in search of Cotopaxis and Niagaras, when all the rocks of the Andes and all the river drainages of the two Americas are not worth to you, for real landscape, pathos, and power, this wayward tricklet of a Scottish burn over its sheets of low-levelled sandstone."

To illustrate the absence of delight in landscape accompanied and conditioned by a want of sympathy for the people—a series of extracts from Evelyn's Diary, were read by Mr. Ruskin, written for him by his god-daughter with a type-writer—"the only kind of machine of which I do approve." First there was English enjoyment of English landscape, telling of a piece of white marble "stained with a lively red, very deepe, as beautiful as if it had been natural;" and of Spie Park, where the house had "not a window on the prospect side." That is the rough type; for the gentle type Mr. Ruskin referred to Evelyn's building a study, a fishpond, an island, and some

other "solitudes and retirements" at Wotton, which "gave the first occasion of improving them to waterworks and gardens." As for English travellers' enjoyment of French landscape, "we passed through a forest (of Fontainebleau), so prodigiously encompass'd with hideous rocks of white hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous height, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary." For an example of "French and characteristically European manufactured landscape," Mr. Ruskin referred to Evelyn's description of Richelieu's villa, with its "walks of vast lengths, so accurately kept and cultivated, that nothing can be more agreeable," and its "large and very rare grotto of shell-worke, in the shape of satyrs and other wild fancys." The human sympathy involved in manufactured landscape is to be seen in its cost—"he has pulled downe a whole village to make roome for his pleasure about it"—making a solitude and calling it delight. And then, lastly, Mr. Ruskin read an account of how Evelyn took his pleasure in the Alps, passing through "strange horrid and fearfull craggs," and treating the natives—as only the British tourist knows how. The pious Evelyn, or one of his party, had a water spaniel—"a huge, filthy cur"—that killed a goat, "whereupon we set spurs and endeavoured to ride away;" but inasmuch as "amongst these rude people a very small misdemeanour is made much of, we lay'd down the money, though the proceedings seemed highly unjust." These proceedings occurred on the Simplon Pass; and Mr. Ruskin showed in contrast to them a drawing of St. Gotthard by Turner, in which, as in other scenes, it is a human interest that gives the grandeur. The reader will remember in this connection Mr. Ruskin's description of the Pass of Faido in "Modern Painters," where in "Turnerian typography" "the full essence and soul of the scene and consummation of all the wonderfulness of the torrents and Alps lay in a postchaise with small ponies and postboy."

Mr. Ruskin besides lecturing in Oxford last month, presided at a meeting of the members of the Guild of St. George. After the formal business had been transacted, Mr. Ruskin explained that the accounts which had been submitted were not complete or satisfactory to him, without the statement which he had intended should accompany them, and which would give explanations of the several purchases made for the Guild, and particulars which would interest the members ; this statement which was already partly in print, he hoped soon to complete, but his health and the demands upon his time in Oxford had obliged him to delay it for a while. The funds of the Guild were, he said, to be applied to the purchase and preservation of land, books, pictures, sculptures, and objects of art and natural history, for the education of the people in the fear of God and love of man. He could say little about the land ; the Guild possessed several plots and cottages, all of which were being put to right uses under the guidance of the trustees and one of the Guild's women ; but he must confess that this was a subject on which he had met with much disappointment. He had hoped at one time that some of his rich friends, perhaps even some Duke or other large landowner, would have given him enough land to have enabled him to show how, upon the principles of the Guild, land should be managed ; but this had not been so, and for the present he desired to refrain from further taking up the subject for several reasons, one of which was that just now there were several movements with respect to land, which had not in view those objects at which the Guild must aim. As to the books, pictures, and minerals which had been given to or purchased by the Guild, he could assure the members that the Guild possessed in them much valuable property, some of which he regarded as quite priceless. As this property was for purposes of education, it must not be shut up in one large museum, but must be lent, or at least some of it, to different institutions where it would be

for the greatest use. There were six separate collections of minerals now out on loan, and he was constantly receiving applications for such loans. Several persons were also engaged under his directions and at the cost of the Guild in making drawings in Italy and elsewhere, and their work was most valuable.

Mr. Ruskin then went on to speak of a museum for the Guild. He had several reasons why there could not be a large one, but there would be a small one, and it would be built on the Guild's land at Bewdley, which had been given them by their excellent trustee, Mr. Baker, and where there was a spot which satisfied the conditions he had laid down. The museum, he had determined, should be built of marble: specimens of marble had already been obtained from the island of Paros, and he had selected a specimen of the most beautiful marble which he believed the world produced. The architect, Mr. Robson, was present with the plans, which Mr. Ruskin said satisfied him in all points except the roof, which he and Mr. Robson must further consider. The building must, before all things, be convenient and adapted to the purpose for which it is built, and it must be begun at once. He did not wish the Guild to be a separate society, whatever he might have wished at one time, and they would find that there was not a single object of the Guild which had not been aimed at by good men since the world began. Their apparent success might seem slow to them, but it was contrary to the laws of nature that any good work done with good intention should fail, and the time when it should bear fruit was appointed by their Father in Heaven.

By writing as well as by speech Mr. Ruskin has been claim-

ing public attention. The "lightning bolts," as Carlyle called them, which he has for the last thirteen years been "copiously and desperately pouring" through the pages of *Fors Clavigera* "into the black world of anarchy all around him" have now, so far as that publication is concerned, come to an end. The Christmas number completes the eighth volume and the entire series of his monthly "letters to the workmen and labourers of Great Britain." The book thus completed (which, by the way, is by no means so devoid of unity as those imagine who have not read it) will be of great value to future critics of Mr. Ruskin and his life's work, for it is written throughout in what he calls his third manner, according to which he says all that comes into his head, and more than any other it proceeds "direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man." And from this point of view Mr. Ruskin's followers will be glad to see that "Fors," who came in with a sword of fire, goes out with wreaths of roses. There is an exquisite frontispiece by Miss Kate Greenaway, in which the rose queen is scattering her sweet flowers in the paths of two little children, one walking barefooted, the other with satin shoes, but each holding the other's hand. In the letter itself there is first a description from Dugdale's "Monasticon" of the monastery of St. David's, in the Rosy Valley, where the good monks "refused all gifts or possessions offered by unjust men, and detested riches." Then there are some words on the Rose Queen of Nanterre, the peasant girl who has "done her duty in the open fresh air and under the bright sun in the 'fierce white light' of village public opinion." These are followed by an account sent by Miss Alexander of "a Rosy Vale in Italy rejoicing round its Living Rose." It is the story of the Lady Superior of an orphanage at Bassano, on the Brenta, where, in the enjoyment of simple country life, the doing of unaffected charity and the fulfilment of sweet domestic duties—even in the washing in this rosy vale "no iron is used about it"—the Sisters live to a good old age and are happy.

Finally there is this noble epilogue by Mr. Ruskin himself: "This lovely history of a life spent in the garden of God sums, as it illumines, all that I have tried to teach in the series of letters which I now feel that it is time to close. The 'Go, and do thou likewise,' which every kindly intelligent spirit cannot but hear spoken to it, in each sentence of the quiet narrative, is of more searching and all-embracing urgency than any appeal I have dared to make in my own writings. Looking back upon my efforts for the last twenty years, I believe that their failure has been in very great part owing to my compromise with the infidelity of the outer world, and my endeavour to base my pleading upon motives of ordinary prudence and kindness instead of on the primary duty of loving God—foundation other than which no man can lay. I thought myself speaking to a crowd which could be influenced only by visible utility; nor was I the least aware how many entirely good and holy persons were living in the faith and love of God as vividly and practically now as ever in the early enthusiasm of Christendom, until, chiefly in consequence of the great illness which, for some time after 1878, forbade my accustomed literary labour, I was brought into closer personal relations with the friends in America, Scotland, Ireland, and Italy, to whom, if I am spared to write any record of my life, it will be seen that I owe the best hopes and highest thoughts which have supported and guided the force of my matured mind. These have shown me, with lovely initiation, in how many secret places the prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets; and on how many hills which I had thought left desolate the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire."

"But surely," he concludes, "the time is come when all these faithful armies should lift up the standard of their Lord—not by might, nor by power, but by His spirit, bringing forth

judgment unto victory ; that they should no more be hidden nor overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. If the enemy cometh in like a flood, how much more may the rivers of Paradise ? Are there not fountains of the great deep that open to bless, not destroy ? And the beginning of blessing, if you will think of it, is in that promise, 'Great shall be the peace of thy *children*.' All the world is but as one orphanage, so long as its children know not God their Father ; and all wisdom and knowledge is only more bewildered darkness, so long as you have not taught them the fear of the Lord. The story of Rosy Vale is not ended ; surely out of its silence the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and round it the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose !"

The death of Bastien Lepage at the age of thirty-five, removes another of the influential painters of that now singularly influential nation—France. There are many masters in that country's school, elderly men like Bouguereau, who have taught a generation certain excellences necessary to be known rather than to be practised, and young painters whose teaching has, on the contrary, been that of example entirely. Bastien Lepage was among these. To say that he is a Realist is merely to say that he was young while the Realists were rising. Realism was in the air. Nevertheless, though led by the general tendency, he was himself a leader. When he painted the portrait of his old grandfather sitting in the garden, the sincerity and simplicity of the work took the world by surprise. The painting was distinguished though the subject was insistently homely, and in this instance some critics were inclined to find more or less of affectation, whereas Lepage's work was evidently straightforward. It is true that after painting his one imaginative picture, *Jeanne d'Arc*, he devoted himself too much to the research of ugliness. His broad faced, over-heated,

unintelligent woman who is drearily resting from her labour in *Les Foins* is not an object which the eye or heart rejoices over ; in avoiding the temptation to make cheap appeals by pathetic expression, the painter has gone into the other extreme of indifference and nullity. Nevertheless, his men and women have a certain dignity of truth, and his children a quite unobvious and unobtrusive solemnity and sweetness. For the most part his work was pure out-of-door work, opaque, grey, flooded with diffused daylight. If we hear of studio work done in his later years to imitate the effect of the open air, it may well be allowed that severe and painful illness latterly prevented that tense and strenuous toil which the faithful modern painter imposed on himself. The frequenter of English galleries will remember, besides the pictures above mentioned, the quaint, pretty, profile portrait of Sarah Bernhardt ; a little study of a young French communicant, innocent and stolid, in her bluish white frock and awkward short white gloves ; the portrait of the Prince of Wales ; and the poetic little Girl keeping her cow at twilight, an unconscious child, the look of whose vague eyes is lost in her dream.

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